



No. 227.—VOL. XVIII.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2, 1897.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6¹/₂d.



MISS ELLEN TERRY AS MADAME SANS-GÈNE, AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

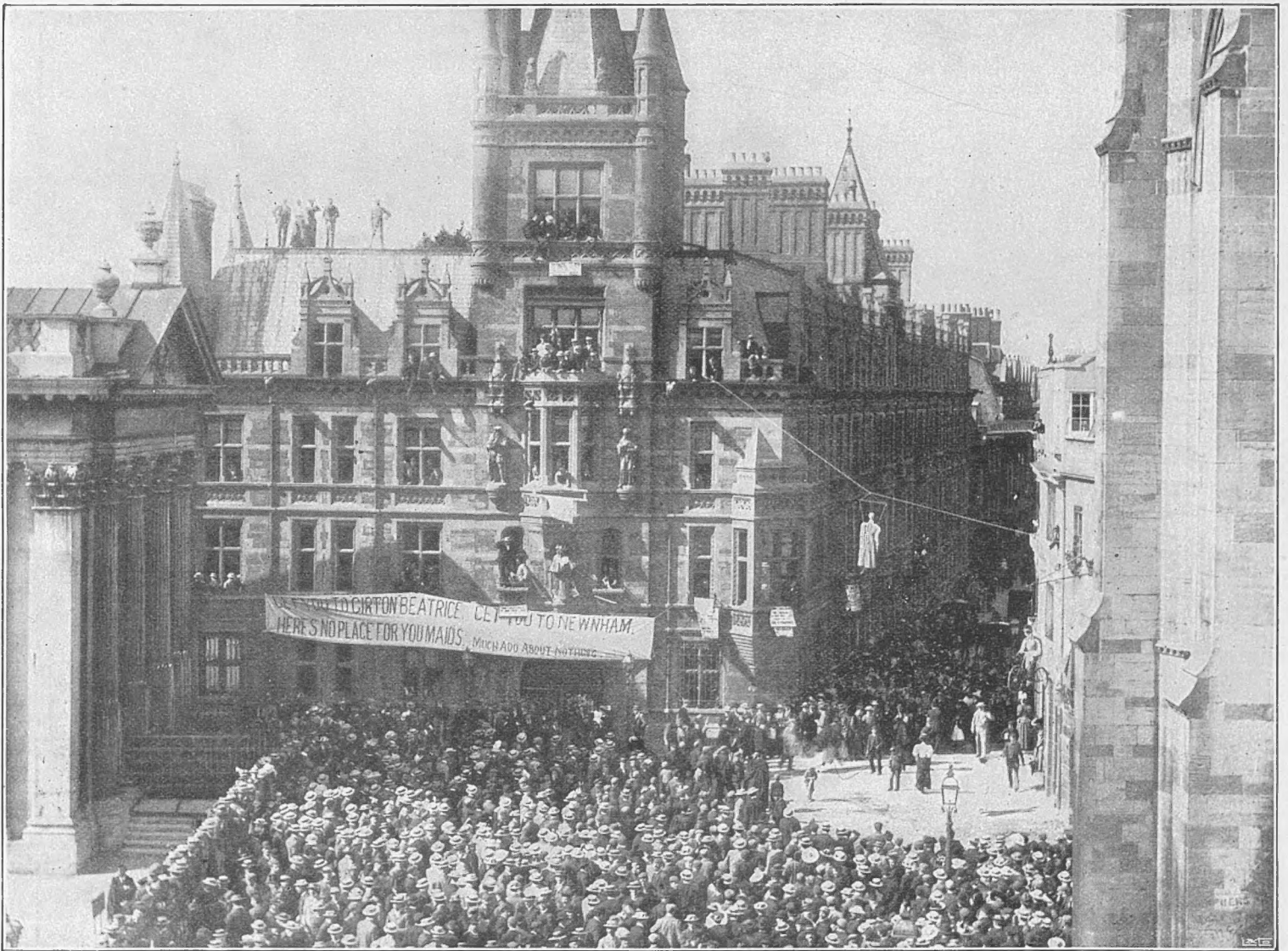
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WINDOW AND GROVE, BAKER STREET, W.

WHY WE DECLINED TO GIVE WOMEN DEGREES.

BY A 'VARSITY MAN.

The male supporters of the proposal to give degrees to women, which Cambridge has rejected, were roughly divisible into three classes. There were—(1) Those who desired to put women in every way on an equality with men at Cambridge, and who expressly or tacitly regarded this proposal as merely the initial step in a long series of changes; (2) Those who were in favour of the proposal on its merits, and who contend that women should have so much granted them, and no more, or were willing to allow further proposals (if any) to be considered by future generations; (3) A great body of the general public, whose ideas on the proposed changes were hazy, who had no knowledge of the teaching and life at Oxford and Cambridge, and who seemed to consider it "a matter of common fairness" that women who had passed qualifying examinations should be entitled to degrees associated more or less closely with these tests of study. The general public (excluding those who have been at either Oxford or Cambridge) is under the impression

the daughters of the horse-leech, are for ever crying, "Give, give!" The large number of women who would enter the examinations if a degree followed as a matter of course would almost necessarily require that women should be examiners as well as candidates, and it is not to be supposed that, with the increased proportion of women students, there should be no representatives of their sex in the different governing bodies of the University. Some, in fact, of the more rash of the women's party were in favour of the position of women being precisely equal and similar to that of the male undergraduates, and the more ignorant of the outside partisans went so far as to contemplate a mixed University with mixed Colleges, and pointed out false but apparently convincing parallels in American and other seminaries. It entirely escaped the notice of these people that Oxford and Cambridge have no parallel among the Universities of the world. Their traditions, their College life, which is their principal attraction and their unique possession, and their entire system of teaching and tuition—all these are not even distantly resembled by any other University. It is easy for an outsider to underestimate these peculiar features; indeed, it is only for one who has enjoyed them, and realised to the full the benefits of the almost monastic and yet Spartan



HOW CAMBRIDGE RECEIVED THE VOTE AGAINST WOMEN.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SCOTT AND WILKINSON, CAMBRIDGE.

that the letters "B.A." or "M.A." signify that the person bearing them has passed certain examinations, completed so many years of residence, &c. Now, although a Master's degree requires no extra examination, and is granted to Bachelors of a certain standing, the two degrees are intimately associated, and though many are content with the primary degree, it is within the power of any Bachelor to proceed in time to his Master's degree, which gives him a certain voice in the management of the University. When, therefore, the women's party approached the University and said, "Give us at least a 'B.A.' degree, which shall carry us no further, and shall give us no greater part in the affairs of the University than we have enjoyed by being permitted to attend lectures and pass certain examinations," the University was right in replying, "We have no such degree to confer on you."

When the examinations were thrown open to women in 1881, the supporters of the change were generally of the opinion that it was a very slight favour to grant, and that it would lead to nothing further being required of them. The second class of supporters of the present proposal have been misled in the same way—in fact, a few have been so illogical as to consider that, though their hands were tied by the earlier concession, they were free in the future to refuse to make any further change. But the women's party have for clients those who, like

life which the undergraduate leads at these Universities, to weigh the necessary changes which any advance in the position of women at Oxford or Cambridge would lead to, and to pronounce upon the values of Cambridge as it has been and as it would be. Much of this feeling, no doubt, inspired the undergraduates who gave an almost unanimous vote against the present proposal. It has been freely declared that they were "prejudiced," whatever the term may mean as applied in the present instance, but perhaps none better than they were qualified to speak to the necessity of keeping Cambridge "a man's University" if it is going to maintain its invaluable and world-famed traditions. After all, it is a national question whether the removal of the trivial hardship that a woman, in order to obtain a titular degree, must study at one of the several Universities of this country which are extremely glad to welcome her, would atone for the harm that would probably ensue to Oxford and Cambridge as "men's Universities," and for the changes and modifications which would necessarily attend her admission on an equal footing with the male undergraduate. There are numerous Universities open to women possessing excellent teaching staffs; is it too much, then, to expect that women will cease to insist on forcing themselves into the only Universities which are unwilling to admit them, and where their admission would probably cause revolutionary changes and irreparable harm?

"THE MECCA OF THE BLIND."

Photographs by W. Edward Wright, Forest Gate.

No building could be less pretentious. It is low and dingy, and looks as if nothing had ever rained on it except the dust and soot of London. Even the large letters that announce it to be "The Royal London

price. Do not over six hundred people receive sight at Moorfields every year who would otherwise become blind, hungry, and dependent upon some kind passer-by to help them over a crossing? Surely, at the lowest estimate, these six hundred would earn among them £30,000. It is such an investment for the charitably inclined that even the meanest man may be excused for turning beggar on behalf of "Moorfields."

It is frequently said, especially by medical men themselves, that no charity is more abused by that peculiar class of people that sell their consciences to save their pockets than "Moorfields." It is the opinion of people who measure a man's deserts by the coat he wears. In the four hundred people that crowd the waiting-room of a morning there are all sorts and conditions of men and women. Old Hodge is there from the country, to try his last hope, bearded women and children are there from the East End, poor beggars from off the street needing sight even to beg; but the poorest and most deserving of the whole lot are the unfortunate, underpaid followers of black-coated professions who have impoverished themselves and families by the consultation of many physicians to save their gradually failing sight, and have come to receive a final opinion from the highest ophthalmological court in the world.

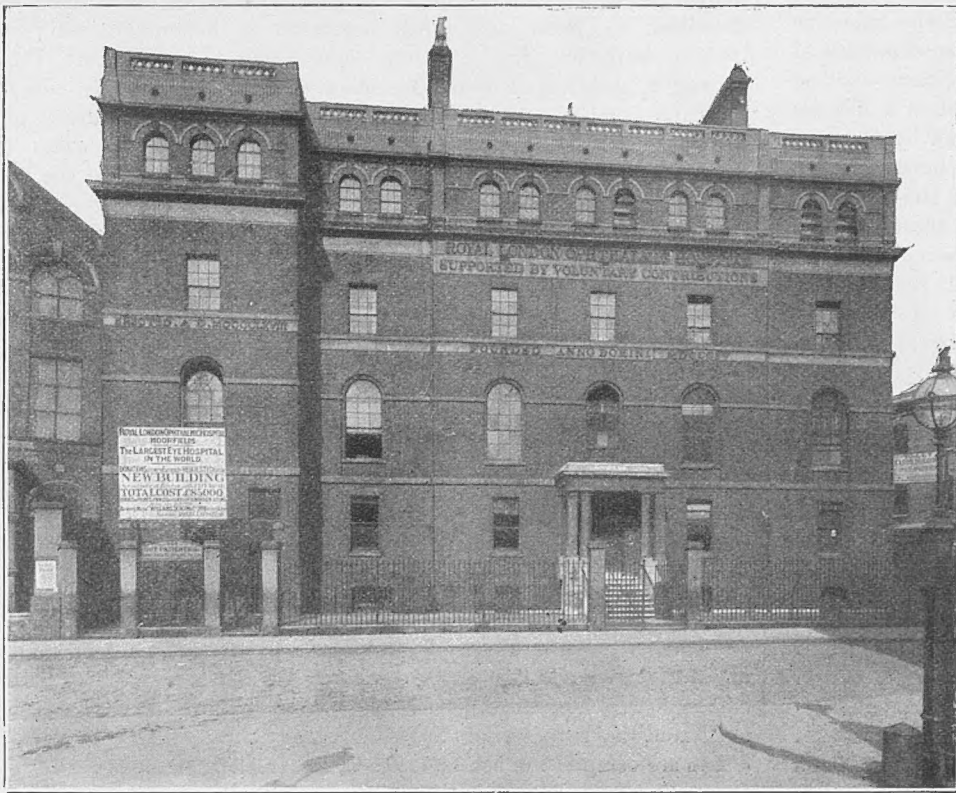
Nearly every famous eye-surgeon England has ever produced has been on the staff of "Moorfields"; it would occupy too much space to name its past surgeons, and it is against all the laws of medical etiquette to name the present ones. This law does not apparently apply, however, to certain German specialists, some of whom manage to keep themselves much in evidence in the public Press. Yet German students seem to think it worth while to come over to see what can be learned at "Moorfields."

The children's ward, which is one of the sights of "Moorfields," is a pleasant and yet a pathetic sight. Some of the poor little patients taste pleasure there for the first time, and learn that it is not all kicks and cuffs in this world. The nurses in the children's ward have a hard time, however, nearly as hard as the poor patients who have just been cut for cataract and locked away in a quite dark room. Children at any time are

difficult to nurse, but at no time more so than when suffering from a painful eye-trouble. Into the wards—that is to say, when there is room—are gathered all those from the daily flock of four hundred out-patients who are too ill to be treated as out-patients. The wards, which are too small and too few, could be filled with deserving patients every morning. The patients come not from London only, but all England.

Ophthalmic Hospital" seem to feel somewhat ashamed—shrunk, tarnished into obscurity. Those marvellous black battalions that pour from Liverpool Street and Broad Street Stations of a morning hardly notice it as they emerge, hurrying and scurrying to reach their offices betimes. Yet no building in the whole wide world has a better right to put on a bold front; it is a perfect prince and pioneer of its kind. In the ninety-odd years of its existence it has been a Pool of Siloam for the blind. It is the last resort of the despairing poor that darkness threatens to seize as prisoners. More than any institution of its kind, it has rendered the world its debtor by showing the manner and the means of bringing men back into the blessed light of day and setting the bread-earner again to his task. But who knows it by the name of "The Royal Ophthalmic Hospital"? Ask the twenty-eight thousand who sought relief there last year, or the eye-specialists throughout our Empire who have received the finishing touch of their art there, or the students in the hospitals of Scotland, Ireland, Germany, France, or America; ask for it by that name and they will shake their heads, but mention "Moorfields" and they know what you want.

The work has far outgrown the four small walls of "Moorfields." The Prince of Wales, as everyone knows, is a Mason, and has laid many foundation-stones in his time; but he never laid a better nor a truer one than that of the new "Moorfields" in the City Road last Friday. The trowel he used may have been of iron, and the mallet of wood, but every tap was a golden tap, and sounded sight for thousands that feared the horrible hopelessness and tyranny of darkness. The new building, it is said, will cost £85,000; but even if it cost a million, it would be cheap at the



THE ROYAL OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL AT MOORFIELDS.



THE CHILDREN'S WARD.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Let it not be said that the Londoner is making no sacrifices to the Jubilee. "Jubilee! I call it Juggernaut!" says an energetic member of my club. Some allowance must be made for his feelings, as he has been unsuccessful in the ballot for seats, and the lady who rules his hearth and home has found this a new instance of the depravity of clubhouses. But we are making a notable offering to Juggernaut—no less than London herself, never very beautiful, and now clad in a hideous panoply of hoardings. My morning dreams are disturbed by the saw, and I wake to the chant of the hammer. I can easily believe the story of the distracted citizen who appeared at the box-office of Her Majesty's Theatre, and asked whether the "Seats of the Mighty" offered a good view of the Procession. If we all retain our reason by June 22 it will be a miracle. Meanwhile, the wooden walls of Old England are enveloping London. I saw Britannia the other night—a monstrous fine woman in the Alhambra ballet, sleeping under a Druid oak, and dreaming, no doubt, not of the subject waves, but of the carpenters and joiners of the Diamond Jubilee!

The patriotism which sets us all thinking of one thing, and of one way of doing it, must be distressing to the author of a volume called "The Blight of Respectability." To be "respectable" is to have no soul of one's own, but to go about like other people, chaffering for seats to view the Jubilee show. The "blight" is on you if you don't make a stand for originality. I seem to have read something of this kind in the highly "respectable" bard who wrote, "Be not like dumb driven cattle; be a hero in the strife." Alack! we are not heroes, not even the philosophers and the men of letters. "The donning of a chimney-pot hat and a dress-coat is often the first step in the downward career of the intellectual." You meet at evening-parties the decadents of this Avernus. They try to keep up a show of independence; they talk of this book and that article they have written, stripping the shams from society. It is all a masquerade; the dress-coat tells its tale of shame; they have "degenerated into Respectables." In what costume, then, can a man be saved from the "downward career"? There is not much choice; if he dons a soft felt hat and a tweed suit, he may be mistaken by provincial tourists for a local deacon on a holiday; if he wears knickerbockers, he will pass for an ordinary cyclist. There is no conceivable attire in which he will not bear a strong family likeness to many of his countrymen who are saturated with respectability. Some outward semblance of usage must be observed if you are not to attract the unfavourable notice of the police. Will the satirist of the dress-coat oblige us with the name of his tailor and a few patterns?

The mischief is that you must look like someone else. Even an Anarchist occasionally resembles another Anarchist. Probably it is the secret canker of the anarchic soul that its outer envelope cannot bear an ineffaceable stamp of original majesty, though this would give inconvenient clues to detectives. Then how can we differentiate our manners? The satirist complains that "parlour tricks and pretty deportments" are sapping the honesty of nature. What is his original way of entering a room? Does he stand on his head when addressing a lady? There is a dog at the Empire which walks on its forelegs and expresses disdain with its hind paws in the air. That might be a good model of independent deportment for one citizen; but as soon as his fellows adopted the example they would run the risk of degenerating into Respectables. The vice of imitation is the curse we have inherited from our simian ancestors. I should be delighted to show my force of character by engaging an acrobat to teach me how to walk on my hands, if I could feel sure that he would have no other pupils. It would be discouraging to find all Pall Mall erect on its palms in the course of a week. In our clothes and our "parlour tricks" I fear there is no alternative to the "blight." The only ostentatiously original person I have seen lately sat next to me in the Alhambra stalls, and talked loudly of the other Alhambra—the Granada one you read of in Joseph Pennell. While Miss Cissie Loftus, in her slyly humorous way, was reproducing a well-known vocalist, my neighbour discoursed at large. "Who is he? Never heard of him. Oh, a public singer! Is he an affected man? I suppose one cannot be a public singer without being affected." And yet this organ of simple and inquiring wonder wore a dress-coat!

The only radical cure of "respectability" is propounded in a quaint little book, entitled, "The Science of Status." The author applies a

rigorous analysis to all ranks of society, judging them by brains, utility, public opinion, powers of deception, and a remarkable standard which he calls "exposure." If you expose yourself to view at "a five o'clock crush," the "intellectual and moral effects" may counterbalance your claims to impressiveness, and reduce you considerably in the social scale. "The sudden apparition of a person hard at work in a slavish position (that is, in sight of many) where the custom of centuries has not inured us, is the reverse of edifying." Tilling the earth has been described by poets and other deceivers as honourable toil; but if you were out for a picnic, and came across Robert Burns driving a plough, you would be shocked by his degradation. In the scientific tabulation of society I find that the "intellectuality" of a dentist and a Dissenting minister is "moderate"; but while the "deception" in the dentist is also "moderate" (in spite of the false teeth), in the Dissenting minister it is "large." So it is in the conjurer, the footman, and the actor; but it is "moderate" in the coal-merchant and the barrister. The novelist and the livery-stable keeper are paragons of deceit; but the man of letters is without guile, though his utility is slight, and the public has next to no opinion of him. The journalist is useful, but intellectually poor. His capacity for "deception," I rejoice to say, is scanty; and as for "exposure," he takes it in moderation. Very inferior is the poet, who is of little use, with a small "intellectuality," no public esteem to speak of, and an aptitude for "deception" which saddens me.

What is the upshot in the classification of status? Among the true aristocracy are grocers, drapers, bakers, carpenters, hotel-keepers, officers of the Army and Navy, and philosophers. Priests, policemen, novelists, journalists, peers, dentists, tailors, coal-merchants, bricklayers, and butchers form the second grade—people of standing, you see, but not of the "upper ten." The great middle-class comprises ballet-dancers, chimney-sweeps, postmen, poets, stockbrokers, gymnasts, cooks, brewers, musicians, auctioneers, photographers, and housemaids. The lower orders are composed of actors, footmen, hairdressers, omnibus-conductors, West End usurers; and the submerged tenth embraces conjurers, livery-stable keepers, and publicans. Here's an upheaval for you! The French Revolution was nothing to it. Grocers ought to sit in the House of Lords, and chimney-sweepers in the Commons, while General Booth rescues conjurers from "Darkest England." Obviously, if we can reorganise society on this plan, the "blight" must disappear for a while, and every man be esteemed according to his deserts. Such is the corroding influence of pessimism, however, that I fear the chimney-sweeper, after the first flush of independence, would degenerate into a Respectable, and we should read in the *Morning Post*: "The Speaker took the Chair at three o'clock. It was observed with some surprise that he was preceded by the Mace and not by the Broom. Moreover, to the deep indignation of members below the gangway, he had washed his face, and not even a speck of soot adorned his person. It is expected that a meeting to protest against this reactionary conduct will be held early next week in Billingsgate Fish Market."

Women, I gather from the satirist, are chiefly responsible for the "blight." The dress-coat is worn to please them, for, though he may sport a *négligé* jacket at the club, the fashionable bird must not array himself thus for the eye of woman. Is it not her business to put salt on his swallow-tails? Her incorrigible "respectability" may be judged from a sprightly article by Mrs. Marshall and Miss O'Connor-Eccles in the *English Illustrated* on "How Women are Won." "While women care comparatively little for personal beauty in a man" (heaven be praised!), "beyond desiring him to look a gentleman" (the cloven hoof of the "blight"!); "they all detest slovenliness." They will not stand a "dirty old blue necktie and unstarched cotton shirt," even though these may be the characteristic emblems of a Landor, who treated the "blight" with the scorn it deserves. Unkempt genius has no special charm for woman, who cannot understand why unshackled intellect should be at deadly feud with the slavish brush and comb. To dine with the girl of your heart in a tweed suit is to court a horrid awakening from love's young dream.

Women are won, it seems, partly by judicious meals. You must beware of "inexpensive treats." Don't think that parsimony at the theatre can be disguised by the remark that everybody says the front row of the dress-circle is the best part of the house. If you ask the lady to dinner, don't force her to choose the cheapest dishes. Very well, but now comes the real horror of the "blight." "If she and her mother are invited to dinner or to supper, let it be at a good restaurant." And her mother! When mothers are well known to be the most degenerate of Respectables! "Oh, Society! Oh, class legislation!" as Mr. Eccles says, "shall this be?"



IN BOHEMIA.

"Will you lend me five shillings, old chap? I want to lend it to Jones."

"Why lend it to Jones?"

"Well, you see, he owes me five shillings, and he wants to return it."

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The events of the last few days in Paris lend a sad interest to the approaching disappearance of the Church of St. Pierre de Montmartre. For close on one thousand years the church, under one name and another, has stood on the top of the hill of Paris, and has, in its turn, looked down on the Normans entering the city in 887 and the Germans close on a thousand years later. The most terrible incidents in the Commune were waged right round it. The churchyard was as quiet and secluded as that of a country village, and in the world possibly no more striking comparison of the old order and the new could be found than by just leaving the old church and regarding the splendid basilica of Sacré Cœur being erected a dozen yards away. In spite of the appeals of the clergy, no money was forthcoming to renovate it, and the police had to close it a few days before the Bazaar tragedy as being insecure.

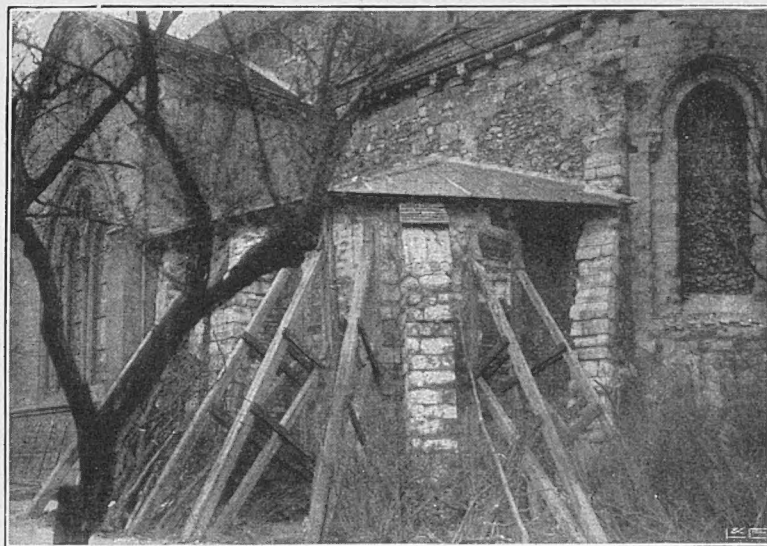
Rome was crowded with foreigners on Thursday to witness the canonisation at St. Peter's of Zaccaria, founder of the Order of the Bernabites, and Fourier de Matincour. On the pillars, hung with rich red damask relieved with gold, in the niches of the colossal statues of the saints, on projections, &c., the candelabra, groups of fans, and candles had a magnificent effect. Nine miles of cord were required to affix and make safe the candlesticks, and for the procession alone 12,000 lb. of wax were used.

Montalembert, that eloquent Catholic historian whose name may be coupled with those of Lamennais and Lacordaire, is finding a biographer in the Vicomte de Meaux, who, besides being his son-in-law, had been his tried friend and inherited his papers. As, moreover, the Vicomte de Meaux has carried Montalembert's precepts into political life, it seems certain that the author of that monumental work, "The Monks of the West," of a Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary—whose career was set forth musically by Franz Liszt—and of various thoughtful treatises on English politics, will be described, from the French point of view, fully and accurately both as man and as publicist. A Memoir of Montalembert is included among Mrs. Oliphant's works.

The *Inverness Courier*, a journal which one still associates with the name of its genial and distinguished editor, the late Dr. Robert

Carruthers, enjoys the unique distinction of having a contributor who has written in its columns for forty years, and the fact is equally remarkable that the fortnightly letter of this contributor, the Rev. Dr. Alexander Stewart, better known by his *nom-de-guerre*, "Nether Lochaber," has appeared with unfailing regularity throughout that long period. Besides possessing an intimate and extensive acquaintance with every branch of natural history, Dr. Stewart has a

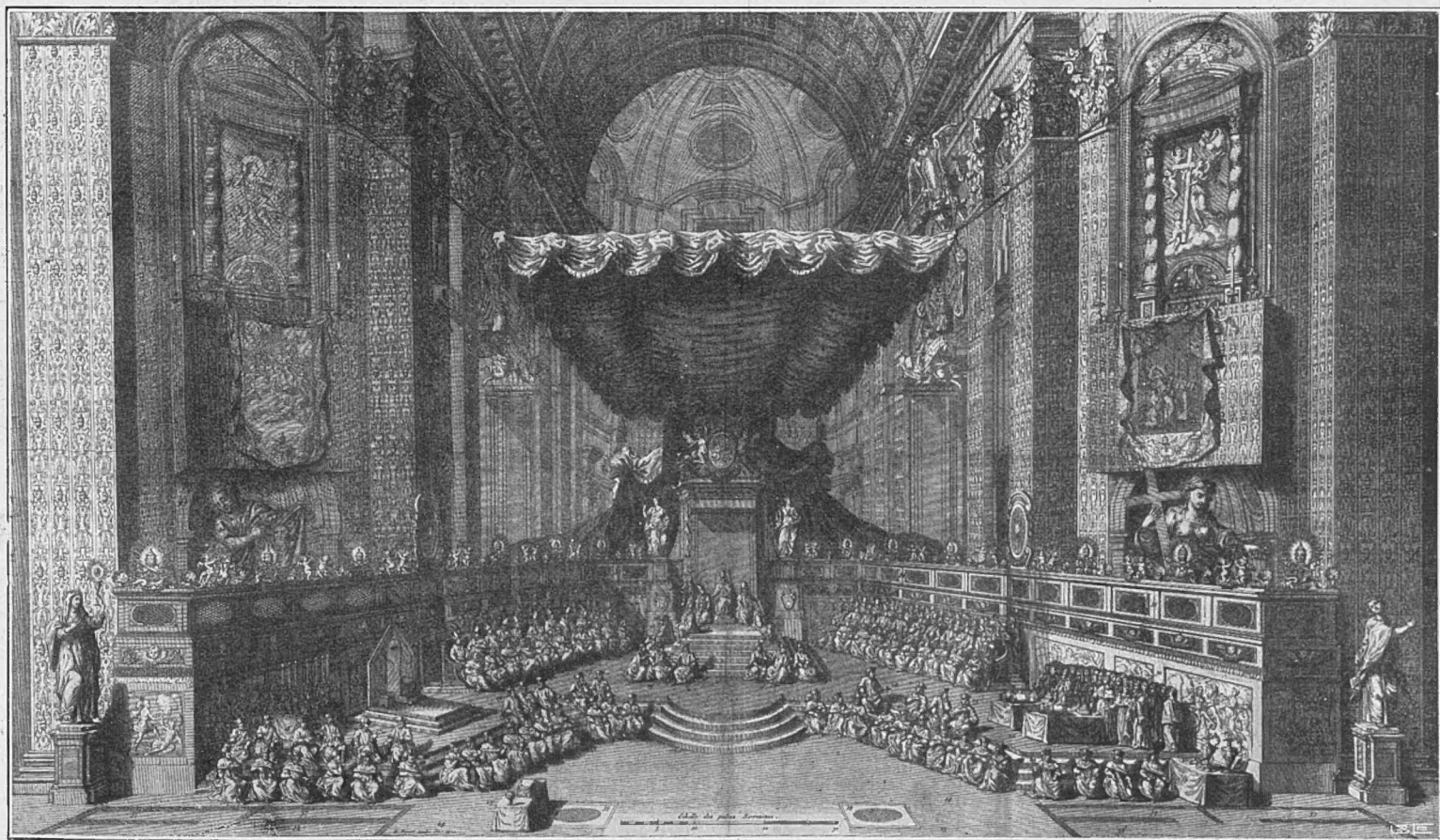
full knowledge of English literature, and is a lucid and racy writer. A Commission of Assembly of the Scottish Kirk has reported that the church in which Dr. Stewart officiates is "cold and damp and unwholesome," and that "the roof shows signs of giving way." As "Nether Lochaber" would shrink from anything like self-advertisement, it has been proposed that his numerous friends and admirers—and these are not confined to the North Country—should speedily raise the four hundred pounds needed to effect alterations.



THE CHURCH OF ST. PIERRE DE MONTMARTRE.

The statement which has been made, in connection with the preparation of a popular edition of "Modern Painters," that Mr. Ruskin's books have always been printed in London, is not quite accurate. At one time the works of the master were produced at Aylesbury; latterly, the printing has been divided between London and Edinburgh, and it was in the Northern capital that the last-issued edition of "Modern Painters" was printed, partly under Mr. Ruskin's supervision, just five years ago. Mr. Ruskin has always been somewhat fastidious regarding the *format* of his books, and particular that his own punctuation and ideas relative to the space between words and lines and the proportionate margin of the pages should be adhered to by his printer. With the new edition to be completed by the end of the year Mr. Ruskin has expressed satisfaction.

Most people have heard of a house being moved bodily from one spot to another, but it has remained for an American builder to transport a huge factory chimney a distance of nearly a thousand feet, over rough roads and up and down steep hillocks, without injury or accident. The chimney in question was eighty-five feet high and seven feet square at base, and yet the power required to move it was provided by one horse attached to a windlass. Only nine days elapsed from the time work was begun until the chimney was securely placed on its new foundation.



THE CANONISATION OF SAINTS AT ST. PETER'S BY CLEMENT XI. IN 1712.

Eureka is the name of a new threepenny monthly devoted to London amusement-seekers of every kind. It is elaborately illustrated, and contains full programmes of all the plays which are now running.

I have had sent to me from Leipzig a bulky new monthly entitled *Zeitschrift für Bücherfreunde*. Among many other admirably illustrated articles it deals with book-plates, reproducing that of the Kaiser.



THE KAISER'S BOOKPLATE.

which was painted in 1832, and was one of the few pictures for which the unhappy painter obtained a good price. I am by no means sure that the historical genius of Haydon, or, perhaps I should say, his genius in dealing with historical subjects, possesses any admirers in these superior days, but in any case a private purchaser would find some difficulty probably in housing his prize. I remember when I was a boy a friend of ours in Devonshire buying a huge picture of Haydon's, the "Death of James Audley at the Battle of Poitiers," and I remember, too, the consternation created by its arrival at his country house. There it stood in its huge case upon the lawn, and how it was to be got in was the puzzle to various West Country builders and carpenters. At length, the whole of the large window of the drawing-room was taken out, James Audley—with the Black Prince bending over him—was duly introduced, and for many years occupied the greater part of one side of the room, to the horror of the purchaser's better-half, and the delight of myself and other youthful visitors, who revelled in the powerful presentation of the great battle-scene.

Apropos of the paragraph on the cow which ate the trout, a reader writes—

When living within a few miles of some of the great lakes of East Prussia, I one day remarked upon the lean condition of the two ponies attached to the cart of the fishwoman who made periodical rounds in the neighbourhood, and inquired upon what she fed her animals. The somewhat startling answer was "Fish." In that part, where fish is plentiful, it is a regular article of diet for horses, especially among the fish-dealers.

Everybody interested in posters should make a point of seeing the admirable exhibition of Mr. Louis Rhead's work, now being held at



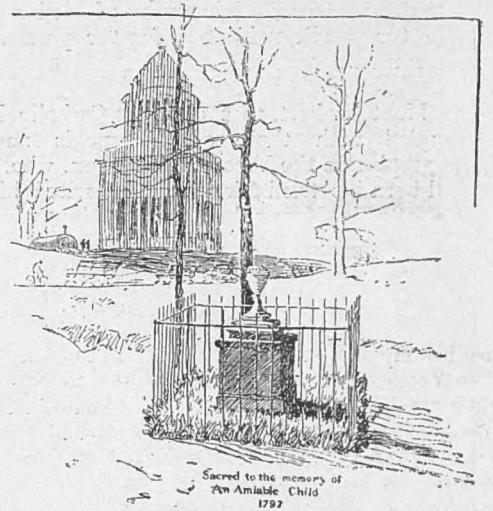
A POSTER BY MR. LOUIS RHEAD.

St. Bride's Institute. The show, which will be open until Saturday, is exceedingly interesting, giving one a good idea of how this poster-artist works.

The rumoured theft of the Imperial diamond from the treasury of the Nizam of Hyderabad adds to the curious romances of precious stones which have characterised all times. Found at the Cape some years ago, it was bought by a syndicate and cut at Amsterdam, its size being reduced by one-half. From its size and brilliancy it took rank at once as a historic stone, as it measured an inch and a half by an inch, and was nearly one inch in depth, of a pure white colour, and exceedingly

lustrous. Diamonds may be said to have made Mr. Cecil Rhodes the power he is, and again and again, both in the Old World and the New, the discovery of rare gems has affected the geographical development of the countries where they were found. During many centuries the world was compelled to go for diamonds to India, and Golconda has passed into a proverb, although the beautiful old town in question is now nothing but an abandoned old fort. Then came the turn of Brazil, and our grandmothers thought South American stones the only ware. The African fields only began to be discovered some forty years ago, the first diamonds being found on the Gong Gong River; but not until Mr. Rhodes, with his genius for combination, appeared on the scene did the four great diamond-mines which spell Kimberley really play the part that they were destined to do, though perhaps even the chief promoter himself did not realise that De Beers was in time to pay, not only forty per cent., but all the expenses of a Matabele War and of a Jameson Raid! The output at the Kimberley mines is strictly limited, and it is said that Mr. Rhodes knows how many diamonds will be mined there in the next ten years. As most people know, rubies are the diamond's only serious rival. The ruby-mines of the world are now chiefly owned and controlled by Great Britain, being situated in Burmah, Ceylon, and Siam. Then emeralds, which were at one time supposed to be found only in the Ural Mountains, have now been discovered in considerable quantities in America. There seems little doubt that the superstition as to the ill-luck of opals really dates from "Anne of Geierstein," but Scott evidently thought it was of Eastern origin. Of course, the cutters play almost a greater part than do the miners. Amsterdam, Paris, and London may be said to be the principal diamond-cutting centres in the world. Many very beautiful Indian gems were greatly diminished in value by the clumsy way in which they were cut.

Almost in the very shadow of the great Grant Tomb, dedicated a few days ago at New York, is a humble monument erected to the memory of "an amiable child" who died just one hundred years before. The little tomb is on the very brow of the bluff overlooking the Hudson River. It consists of a white marble pedestal, now stained and weather-worn, crowned with a conventional funeral-urn, and protected by an enclosing iron railing. The half-obliterated inscription records that the frail memorial was "erected to the memory of an amiable child, St. Claire Pollock, died July 15, 1797, in the fifth year of his age." The family to which the child belonged was that of an English gentleman—tradition says a former officer in the British Army—who owned an estate on these heights a hundred years ago. The place was not called Clermont, as it is known, until some years later, in 1807, when it was so named from Robert Fulton's steamboat, this point marking the limit of the historic craft's first trial trip up the Hudson.



A Hong-Kong correspondent writes me as follows—

I have been much amused on reading your issue of March 24, just to hand by French mail, at the exception taken by your Bilbao correspondent to your remarks in *The Sketch* of March 10 anent the shooting of rebels in the Philippines. Allow me to say, as a resident of fifteen years' standing in these unfortunate yet beautiful islands, that nothing you have said is in any way exaggerated; on the contrary, far too mild to aptly describe the atrocious crimes committed by the Spaniards during and before the present rebellion. Re your illustration, I was standing a few yards away from the photographer who took this view. Eleven of the thirteen shot were personally well known to me, and a more disgusting, inhuman sight I never saw. One poor old man, a great friend of mine, and Notary Public in the important town of Nueva Cáceres, was fired at five separate times before he was finally killed, and with many of the others several extra shots were necessary also. This old man, named Manuel Abella, was seventy years old, and possessed a large fortune of over one million dollars. This constituted his principal crime, and too tempting a bait for the rapacity of the military authorities to let slip from their clutches. His crime, as set forth in the accusation, was sympathy with the rebellion, on suspicion only. The Province of Camarines Sur was not even declared under martial law, yet the Government, playing football with all laws, had him conveyed to Manila to ensure a trial by court-martial there, with a foregone conclusion of condemnation, as with all the others. The civil tribunals of the province could never have convicted on such trumped-up accusations. The fourth, fifth, and sixth in the row, dressed in black, were three native priests, against whom trumped-up charges were also preferred and vigorously sustained by monkish ecclesiastical authorities of this most Catholic nation! The first man was the Mayor of the City of Nueva Cáceres, an important centre and bishop's see. Possibly our Bilbao friend imagines the rigorous censorship will prevent the truth of what is going on in the Philippines leaking out, and that his nation's daring game of bluff will succeed. If so, he is mistaken. Little by little the eyes of Europe will be opened as to what is going on in this Pearl of the Far East, and justice meted out to these interesting and patient people. I thank you, in the name of the Filipinos, for your remarks. What will our Bilbao friend say now to the clamour, even in Spain, for the impeachment of the late Governor, General Palavieja, for his barbarous acts and alleged bribe of 300,000 dollars from the religious orders to shoot Dr. Rizal, the great Philippine patriot?

On Thursday the ancient ceremony of beating the bounds of the Tower Liberties was observed by the Yeomen Warders with their attendant band of school-children. The function, which is triennial, dates from a remote period. The lands circumscribed are no longer the property of the Tower, but were anciently granted as an archery and exercise ground for the garrison. The old landmarks still remain, and



GENERAL SIR FREDERICK MIDDLETON, K.C.M.G., C.B.,
KEEPER OF THE REGALIA AT THE TOWER.
Photo by Ball, Regent Street, W.

are beaten with enthusiasm, by the juvenile processionists at any rate. The Yeomen take it more leisurely, as becomes "this, the autumn of their life," as Mr. Gilbert sings. Among the interesting figures of the historic corps is the Yeoman Jailer, whose portrait appears on this page. He bears the axe (not the heading instrument) which used to be carried before prisoners going to trial. As is well known, until the prisoner was condemned, the Yeoman Jailer held the grim weapon so that its very edge pointed away from the accused. As soon as sentence was pronounced, however, he turned the edge towards the destined victim. In the days when prisoners went by water to Westminster for trial, this gruesome piece of symbolism served as a telegraphic announcement of the verdict to the crowds upon the river-banks, for the Jailer occupied a prominent position in the barge conveying the captive.

Chatting the other day with Mr. Penrose, the veteran Yeoman-Porter and Chief Yeoman-Warder of the Tower, I chanced to mention the Savoy revival. Mr. Penrose had not yet been to see it, he had seen the opera so often; but he certainly was contemplating a visit. He is much interested in the new scene. "We had Mr. Hawes Craven down here, of course," he remarked. "I hear his work is admirable, but I only wish he'd slightly altered his point of view, as, I believe, I remarked to him at the time, for then he would have had some fine greenery in the foreground. However, he knew best, I suppose." It is refreshing to note that, "in that happy little community" at the Tower itself, so keen an interest is taken in the perennially beautiful creation of Mr. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan.

Apropos of the Tower, I also reproduce the portrait of General Sir Frederick D. Middleton, K.C.M.G., C.B., Keeper of the Regalia. This gallant officer has maintained the honour of the Crown not only in the great fortress by the Thames, but on many foreign fields. He served in New Zealand in 1846-7, in the Sonthal Rebellion of 1855, and immediately thereafter in the Indian Mutiny, being present at Lucknow. From 1877 to 1884 he was Commandant and Secretary of the Royal Military College. He also served in the Dominion, commanding the expedition which crushed the half-breed revolt in the North-West Territory. His tenure of office as chief of the Canadian Militia lasted from 1884 to 1890. Sir Frederick's official residence as Keeper of the Regalia is in St. Thomas's Tower.

Visitors to the Dramatic and Musical Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries will find, among the smaller objects of interest, two ornaments that are the mementoes of two histrionic triumphs in classical tragedy, and which recall what, I believe, are both unique performances. The

first of these is the fibula, made of Irish gold, after a design by the late Sir Frederick Burton, which was presented to Helen Faucit, in March 1845, by some of the most cultivated men in Dublin, in remembrance of the great actress's superb rendering of Antigone, the ornament being accompanied by a most appreciative letter or address. The second is a beautiful locket with an enamel replica of the well-known "Beatrice Cenci," at the back of which is an inscription and a lock of the immortal Shelley's hair. This was presented to Alma Murray by Sir Percy and Lady Shelley in acknowledgment of her magnificent performance at Islington of the "most exacting rôle ever studied by an actress," that of the heroine of Shelley's tremendous tragedy. It is somewhat curious that in these two ladies Robert Browning found the only poetic exponents of his heroines, the one almost at the outset, the other nearly at the close of his career, and to both he acknowledged in the warmest and most appreciative terms the debt he owed to their poetic genius.

This is the season when the policeman is one of the most notable figures in the streets, for the merry tourists are arriving, and, when they find themselves in a difficulty, as they always do, they follow Mr. Fawn's advice and ask a policeman. It is this which has prompted me to metre—

There's a notion rather rife
That a bobby leads a life
That can scarcely be considered as delightful,
But I fancy it's the fact
Of his wondrous fund of tact
That makes certain types of people somewhat spiteful.
When constabulary duty's to be done,
A policeman's life is quite a happy one.

Just observe him on his beat
As a pointsman in the street,
Where he's tackled by an innocent young lady,
For she knows the Man of Blue
Has a heart that's warm and true,
While the morals of the Silk Hat may be shady.
Oh, the gratitude of beauty may be won
When constabulary duty's to be done.

Then you see him raise his hand
In a motion of command;
In a moment there's a passage through the traffic;
While the nursemaid with her "pram"
And her darling little lamb
Wafts the conqueror a smile that is seraphic.
Oh, I'd like to be a Bobby (just for fun)
When constabulary duty's to be done.

But he doesn't only wait
On the maids that captivate
With a fascinating *dolce far niente*,
For he'll take a shabby "marm"
Through the 'buses on his arm,
Just the same as if the dame were one-and-twenty.
There is not an act of gentleness he'll shun
When constabulary duty's to be done.



THE YEOMEN JAILER OF THE TOWER.
Photo by Ball, Regent Street, W.

The Labour members have naturally come to the front in the discussion of the Compensation for Accidents Bill. As a rule, they speak rarely. Mr. Broadhurst, who may still be regarded as a spokesman of Labour, although he has set up as a country gentleman at Cromer, is the most talkative. Not only can he boast of "wounds" which he received as a stonemason, but he speaks with the authority of an ex-Under Secretary. It is delightful to hear him coaching those who have made acquaintance with the Home Office since he left it in 1886. Mr. Broadhurst affects the quizzing manner with which Mr. Gladstone was accustomed to delight the House of Commons on an off-night, and he curves his hand and points out his finger just as that great man used to do when in the bantering vein. Of course, no one knows better than the Member for Leicester himself that there are some characteristics of Mr. Gladstone which he cannot hope to imitate. Probably the proudest day in his life was when the mighty Liberal statesman took tea with him in Brixton.

There are few more popular men in the House than Mr. Burt. His spell of office at the Board of Trade, under Mr. Mundella and Mr. Bryce, did not spoil him in the least. He is as modest as ever. It is only on questions of which he has special knowledge that he addresses the House, and, in spite of his Northumbrian burr, members listen to him with pleasure. Although he lived a miner's life till he entered the House of Commons, nearly a quarter of a century ago, Mr. Burt's soft, gentle face seems that of a man who has always been of meditative habits. One can readily believe that he reads a great deal. He never pushes himself forward nor advertises himself. Few men spend less time in the Lobby. Yet Mr. Burt is constant in attendance at the House. And when the day's work is over he may be seen walking homewards along Victoria Street with his friend Mr. Fenwick. Both came to Parliament from the mines of Northumberland. They have a common taste for self-culture and for temperance, and on most questions they agree. Mr. Fenwick does not grudge the ex-Secretary to the Board of Trade a seat on the front Opposition bench, nor does Mr. Burt, on the other hand, look down upon his friends below the gangway. Among these is Mr. John Wilson (of Durham), who has worked on land and on sea, and has gone down the pit not only in Durham, but in Pennsylvania and Illinois. In intellectual power Mr. Wilson could beat many of the men who have come to St. Stephen's from Oxford and Cambridge. He is an impressive speaker. Other two old miners, Mr. Pickard and Mr. William Abraham, have also watched the interests of the workers in connection with the Accidents Bill.

Dr. Nansen might do worse than write another book, this time dealing with his lecturing tours. He could—so it is whispered—make an especially readable chapter under the heading "Odd Questions That Were Asked Me." At one dinner-party in England, the lady who sat next to him was curious to know whether he had been much of a traveller. This was capped on another occasion, the inquirer being also a lady, by the question "Have you ever been away from home for any long period?" What could the poor man say? He had just come back from an absence in the Arctic regions which must have seemed an eternity.

It was at a meeting, however, that Dr. Nansen had to endure perhaps the hardest trial we inflicted upon him. At the close of his address an auditor got up and spoke to the following effect: "Dr. Nansen has told us many things of the utmost interest, but there is one thing which we have not heard about, and which, I'm sure, would be most interesting to all of us. Would the explorer be willing to communicate to us as much information as possible touching the inhabitants at the North Pole?" Dr. Nansen must have felt that lecturing, like exploring, has its penalties. Moreover, he has not finished the one any more than the other, since a series of lectures wait upon him in America in the autumn.

Réjane-ism is in the air. Miss Ellen Terry, the English Réjane for the nonce, holds the Lyceum; the real Réjane opens at the Lyric on June 26, and two days later the "Austrian Réjane," Madame Odilon, will appear at Daly's Theatre, with the company belonging to the

Vienna Volkstheater, for a series of afternoon performances. Three plays will be given, namely, Schönthan's "Die Goldene Era" and "Renaissance," and another play called "Die Treue" ("Fidelity"). Madame Odilon has been called the "Austrian Réjane" on account of her brilliant comedy acting, and certainly the portrait which I reproduce here is remarkably like that of the famous Frenchwoman. The company, which numbers sixteen people, will include Herren Christiano and Gampietro, and they will play on June 28, 29, 30, and July 1, 5, 6, 7, and 8. I may add that the engagement has been entrusted by Mr. George Edwardes to Mr. Fritz Rimma, whose appearance as the bathing-machine man in "A Gaiety Girl" will be well remembered.

The American is very much in evidence in London just now, and he makes so important a factor in the audience at most of our theatres that it behoves the managers to watch with some care the vagaries of their librettists. I went to see "The French Maid," at Terry's Theatre, the other evening—a musical comedy, delightfully presented—and noted with some interest the elimination of references to both Americans and Germans, as becomes us when many of them are our invited guests.

One particular topical song in the book of the words has four verses taken out of it, two of them having been devoted to satirising the Yankee, and the others the German Emperor. Perhaps it is as well that the commercial interest of theatre managers is on the side of the omission of things like these which do not tend to promote the harmony of nations. It is almost time that we heard the last of the German Emperor's telegram. By the way, Mr. Spencer Kelly, a member of the provincial "French Maid" company, recently lost his leg in a railway accident. There is to be a special matinee for his benefit to-morrow week, at Terry's Theatre, in which Miss Kitty Loftus, Miss Louie Freear, Mr. Arthur Roberts, Mr. John Le Hay, Mr. Courtice Pounds, and other well-known artists will appear, all of them having given their services free for the occasion.

What is described as a pole-fight will form a presumably attractive novelty in a provincial melodrama about to be toured. In this two men, suspended in mid-air, are shown fighting with their feet, and no doubt their "pedal" achievements will be watched with keen interest by popular audiences.

Miss Florence Warden's clever novel, "The House on the Marsh," has lately been dramatised in Philadelphia under the not particularly fresh title of "His Double Life."

Messrs. Cassell have reissued at sixpence "The Queen's Pictures, illustrating the Chief Events of Her Majesty's Life," which Mr. Richard R. Holmes, the librarian at Windsor Castle, edited for them in 1887. The second part of their "Queen's Empire" illustrates very graphically "how the Queen and the Queen's subjects travel."

I cannot let the appearance of the remarkable article on "The Case of Warder Martin" pass without congratulating the *Daily Chronicle* on the courage it showed in printing it, and the still greater courage and, let me add, humanity of Mr. Oscar Wilde in writing it. No more acute destruction of the whole philosophy of our prison system has been written from experience in modern times. The absence in the article of the old epigram, the avoidance of the facile flippancy of yesteryear, the insistence on the common kinship of the righteous and the rascal alike under calamity, and the general plea for humanity, more especially to little jail-birds, seemed to me to show a spirit of pathetic expiation which will go far to redeem the writer in the eyes of all honest folk. The gist of the whole article is summed up admirably in these trenchant lines—

A child can understand a punishment inflicted by an individual, such as a parent or guardian, and bear it with a certain amount of acquiescence. What it cannot understand is a punishment inflicted by society. It cannot realise what society is. With grown people it is, of course, the reverse. Those of us who are either in prison or have been sent there can understand, and do understand, what that collective force called society means, and, whatever we may think of its methods or claims, we can force ourselves to accept it. Punishment inflicted on us by an individual, on the other hand, is a thing that no grown person endures or is expected to endure.

The whole literature of the Howard Association has not put the case more clearly, or more sincerely, than that.



MADAME ODILON, THE "AUSTRIAN RÉJANE," WHO WILL APPEAR AT DALY'S THEATRE.

ELLEN TERRY.

How many years is it since I struggled into the pit of the old Prince of Wales's Theatre in Tottenham Court Road on the first night of the Bancroft production of "The Merchant of Venice"? It was a mirthful evening. The pit refused to take most of the players seriously. Mr. Coghlan's Shylock, subdued and silky like a West End usurer, Mr. Bancroft's Prince of Morocco, whose complexion was of the East, while his general deportment was of Bond Street, fared very ill. An unfortunate gentleman who played the minor part of Balthasar with only one line—"I go, madam, with all convenient speed"—was gayed so cruelly that at last he refused to face the house again. The sight of him provoked a mocking echo from the pit—"With all convenient speed." Even the dresses excited contumely. They were correct, painfully correct, and the whole production was stifled by archæology. But one figure on the stage wielded a spell over the unruly pittites. It was Portia, fair, lissome, true alike in humour and tenderness, overflowing with a natural gaiety which again and again turned hostility to enthusiasm, and almost retrieved the fortunes of the night. I have seen Ellen Terry in all her triumphs; I have seen her play Portia to Irving's Shylock on a little platform in the American military school at West Point, with scenery of Elizabethan simplicity, and with an audience rapt in the beauty of the play. But memory harks fondly back to the Portia of Tottenham Court Road, bravely plucking a little of the Bancroft Shakspeare out of the fire of derision.

The old playgoer is a terrible person when he starts his recollections; but in this instance he may reckon on the kindling of reminiscent pleasure in many readers. They will remember as well as I the Lilian Vavasour and the Olivia of that old time. Olivia, happily, is in the Lyceum repertory, as sweet and winsome as ever. Lilian has to be summoned from the shades of plays which have had their day and ceased to be, except among amateur dramatic clubs. Buy a copy of "New Men and Old Acres" at French's, and try to imagine Ellen Terry as the artificial miss of Tom Taylor's laborious fancy.

But when I recall some of the scenes as she acted them, and some of the commonplaces which turned to pearls on her lips, Lilian Vavasour is an image of spontaneous womanhood, and the plodding Taylor is transfigured. Mabel Vane, in "Masks and Faces," is a rudimentary sketch of a country girl, and I have often heard her lines without emotion; but as Ellen Terry spoke them they were the accents of pure nature. The springs of mirth and pathos, of tender simplicity and broad fun, these are the resources with which some English actresses, a limited number, have won renown. They are rare gifts to a people shy and rather distrustful of emotion; they fall like showers in July on the national etiquette of arid reticence; and the woman who has them, if she be an artist, is a popular idol to the end of her days. They have made Ellen Terry the most successful actress of her time and her clime. Tragic intensity we

have never asked of her. When she played Lady Macbeth, I listened with respectful incredulity to her invocation of the spirits of evil to blast her womanly instincts. In the Grafton Gallery hangs that wonderful picture of Mr. Sargent's, representing her in this part, a terrific masquerade of blood and devilry, which, if set beside the most characteristic portraits of Sarah Siddons, would make that tragic muse look like a middle-aged dame in a tantrum. I do not know whether posterity will be taken in by Mr. Sargent's brush; but it is a pity that the one original and masterly portrait of Ellen Terry should hand on to future generations such a superb misconception of her true genius.

Some of Shakspeare's women—Portia, Beatrice, Ophelia, Desdemona, Viola—she has made flesh and blood for this generation. There have

been actresses who were too poetical in Shakspeare to be human. Some of them have put their theories into print, from which I gather that the poet's heroines were stately abstractions, unsoiled by any attribute of mortal clay. Nature has not made Ellen Terry like that; and, though she has the poetic sensibility in abundant measure, and would come as near as may be to such a fantastic disembodiment as Ibsen's Lady from the Sea, she holds us by ties which suggest no reflection upon our mother earth. It is a misfortune that she has never played Rosalind, a part in which the union of poetry and comedy, a union not always preserved in some justly famous impersonations, would have given full scope to her native endowments. Her ebullience of temperament is, perhaps, her happiest gift, because it is free from the sophistication of the modern spirit. It is an elemental vitality, streaming with infinite refreshment through the complexities of our social pressure. Of the same infectious buoyancy is her artistic method, broad without being superficial, and attaining its effects without excess of subtlety. Look at this breadth in her Sans-Gêne. How she charges the atmosphere with comic force, and seems to swim in it! When she hears of the Emperor's project of divorcing her from her husband, by whose side she has fought and bled for France, how the loyalty and the indomitable strength of the woman's affections uplift a rampart against the peril! Josephine might be thrust from her Imperial mate as a sacrifice to his will; but even the master



MISS ELLEN TERRY AS MADAME SANS-GÊNE IN HER LAUNDRY.

Photo by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

of Europe shall not tear Sans-Gêne from her Lefebvre. Fees encircle her; the Court is bent on her ruin; there is nothing to arm her confidence but her own undaunted heart. And so she goes to the encounter with Napoleon, wins her Marengo in his cabinet, and routs him with his old washing-bill. It is as rich a piece of pure comedy as one could wish to see; the life and colour of it give brilliant movement to the best scenes of the play; and the art of the thing is never lost in the abandon.

For more than twenty years Ellen Terry has exercised a charm which, of its kind and degree, is unique. It has outlived æsthetic schools, and many caprices of popular taste. The common fate of artists, as years pass over them, is to become old-fashioned. Now and then they are great enough to impose their ideas on time itself, and of this shining distinction at the Lyceum Ellen Terry has a conspicuous share.

L. F. A.



MISS ELLEN TERRY AS MADAME SANS-GÈNE, THE DUCHESS, AT THE LYCEUM.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WINDOW AND GROVE, BAKER STREET, W.



MISS ELLEN TERRY AS MADAME SANS-GÈNE, THE LAUNDRESS, AT THE LYCEUM.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WINDOW AND GROVE, BAKER STREET, W.

THE SULLIVAN ALHAMBRA BALLET.

It was a matter of course that the new Alhambra ballet, which was produced on Tuesday night, May 25, and of which Sir Arthur Sullivan has composed the music, should have been staged and mounted with every possible detail of splendour and magnificence. Called as it is "Victoria and Merrie England," Signor Carlo Coppi has here arranged



a series of characteristic English scenes, mostly open-air, dating from the oak forests of ancient Britain to the Coronation scene of the present reign. These pictures include an Elizabethan coming-of-age, a May Day, a representation of Windsor Forest and of the legend of Herne the Hunter, the bringing home of the Yule log, Christmas in the olden time, and "Britain's Glory in 1897." In every respect the pictorial value of the result could not be bettered, and the whole entertainment moves with absolute smoothness and certainty of effect.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, then, having composed oratorio, cantata, grand opera, comic opera, ballads, and incidental music, and having in every instance—sometimes more and sometimes less—won an exceptional success, has here turned his artistic attention to the more limited possibilities of the ballet. More limited, because the denial of lyric and literary rhythm and the persistent necessity for the dance confine the composer without escape to the lightest, the most metrical, and the most easily intelligible of musical measures. That very responsible person who, as a critic has described it, travels about the world with Wagner's scores bulging from his coat-pockets, will take objection to this musical manner because it does not traffic with the higher obscurities of music, or even with the possible subtlety of lyric song; the very lightness which is necessary to the most artistic ballet-music will be to him a stumbling-block and a scandal. And since his only refuge is to reject ballet altogether if he would not attempt (theoretically) to fit a square stick into a round hole, his feelings need not seriously be considered. It remains, therefore, to inquire as to how far Sir Arthur Sullivan, within these admittedly cramping limits, has caught the spirit of the art of ballet in his new music. The verdict is not open to a moment of doubt. The same vitality which is so radiant a quality in the best of his comic operas shines with an equal clearness here. In humour, in resource, in ingenuity, in sheer prettiness, in orchestral skill, in a sense of appropriateness, the new work may rightly claim rank with the best work of its kind—with the ballets of Delibes, and as no bad second to the ballet-music of "Alceste."

It will be noted, however, that Sir Arthur Sullivan has added the word "national" as in a sense descriptive of his music, and here once more his success is complete and assured. He has, in a word,

popularly secured that success by the introduction of some among the more famous of our national tunes—"The British Grenadiers," "The Roast Beef of Old England," the "Fine Old English Gentleman," and his own "For he himself has said it," for example—which feelingly persuade his hearers of the motive of his work. But, quite apart from this, if anybody will carefully consider (to name but these) the Morris Dance, the May-pole Dance, the approach of the peasantry in the castle, the Jester's Dance, and the comic scene between Friar Tuck and the Dragon, he will find in them summed up, as it were, in delightfully attractive music the spirit of English open-air associations. If it be not too audacious to make the allusion, the literary analogy that occurs to one's mind in hearing this music is the landscape of the final scene of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," or the forest scene of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which, whatever be the name given to them by Shakspeare, are as English as England itself. Shakspeare himself has summed up the character of this music in his unforgettable description of "young Master Fenton." What is it the Host says of him? "He capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May." Such a "young Master Fenton" is the music of "Victoria and Merrie England." Signorina Legnani as the *première danseuse* dances with all her great skill and gay effectiveness, Miss Ethel Hawthorne is a stately Britannia, and Miss Julie Seale is a capital Jester. The name of M. Vanara in the part of Herne the

Hunter must be particularly mentioned; he is extremely good. The whole *corps de ballet* of the Alhambra is also at its excellent best.

The controllers of the Alhambra are certainly to be congratulated on the enterprise which of late they have been showing. The latest evidence of it is a gorgeous programme beautifully printed in chromolithography by Messrs. Weiners, Limited, of London, Vienna, and Paris, who have permitted me to reproduce it here. It consists of three panels. That which bears the name of the Alhambra itself has been designed by Mr. Howard Davie. Another panel represents "Apollo in the Dance of the Muses," from a painting by another well-known artist, Guido



Romani (born 1499, died 1546). This is painted on wood, and is to be seen in the Pitti Gallery in Rome. The third panel represents "Aurora," painted by Guido Reni (born 1575, died 1642). This picture is to be seen painted on the ceiling of the largest hall of the private gallery of Rospigliosi in Rome.

SPITSBERGEN.

The travel-book of the day is Sir W. M. Conway's "First Crossing of Spitsbergen," which Messrs. Dent have published in a very handsome volume. The writer has evidently aimed at the production of a popular book, knowing how large a public body is willing to read about travels and exploration and perils and hairbreadth escapes. He has made the most of any little adventures and *contretemps* by the way, and described the hardships and the scenery as picturesquely as possible. But it is a rather dreary book, from which—apart from its important geographical information—we only gather that the exploration of the interior of Spitsbergen is a very tiring and a very monotonous, though not excessively dangerous business. They did a great deal of work, but, judging from Sir William's cool manner, I doubt if one of them enjoyed it. Scientifically, no doubt, the results of the journey, on which he was accompanied by Mr. A. Trevor-Battye, Dr. Gregory of the British Museum, and Mr. E. J. Garwood, are very important. An honest map has now been made of the interior of the island, instead of the imaginative ones based on the descriptions of those who had but touched the coast.



THIRTEENTH CENTENARY OF CANTERBURY.

The visit of the Prince of Wales to Canterbury on Saturday last may be described as the first of a series of celebrations which are to be held in the cathedral city in 1897.

This year concludes a very memorable epoch in the history of the Church of England, for to-day is the thirteen-hundredth anniversary of the baptism of King Ethelbert, the first Christian English king, by St. Augustine of Canterbury.

The main object of the Prince's visit on Saturday was to open the restored Chapter House, which was once surpassingly magnificent, but which up to quite lately wore a depressing aspect of neglect and dilapidation. This has been splendidly restored, and a magnificent east window, the gift of the Freemasons of Kent, has been erected. The ceiling has been re-decorated in its original handsome design; the masonry has been carefully examined, and Purbeck marble, the stone originally used, has been largely employed to replace defective portions. Here on Monday last Sir Henry Irving recited Tennyson's "Becket"—a notable landmark in the history of Church and Stage. Among other recent restorations (in connection with the Thirteenth Centenary Appeal), the crypt, the largest and most beautiful in England, has been warmed, lighted, saved from damp, glazed, and made useful for worship when needed. The bases of the columns have been uncovered, and some of Ernulf's finest work disclosed, and several frescoes and paintings on the vaulting have been brought to light. The cloisters have been saved from the danger of further decay. Bell Harry Tower has also been somewhat restored, and some new stained-

and our whole Colonial Empire, to Canterbury on Friday, July 2, and Saturday, July 3, as impressive and picturesque as possible, and through his courtesy I am enabled to give an account of these, as at present settled. On Friday Ebb's Fleet and Richborough Castle, the actual

scenes of the landing of St. Augustine and his missionaries, and of their interview with King Ethelbert in A.D. 597, will be visited. Ebb's Fleet is the name of a farmhouse not far from Minster, which in those days was close to the seashore. The modern Canterbury Pilgrim, who wishes to get an idea of the momentous events which occurred in this corner of England thirteen hundred years ago, should betake him to the hill beyond Prospect House, which is close to Minster, and commands one of the finest views in Thanet. When on the summit, he will look down on the farmhouse, and will see the field of clover which rises immediately on its north side, the exact spot, so tradition has it, of the landing not only of Augustine, but also of Hengist and Horsa. In those days Thanet was really an island, the sea spreading much further inland than Pegwell Bay, and the Stour being then, as it is not now, a broad river. If the Pilgrim has read the graphic pages of Dean Stanley's "Historical Memorials of Canterbury," he will be able to picture, in his mind's eye, the remarkable meeting—the Saxon King of Kent and his wild soldiers on one side of the river, the saintly Augustine and his missionary band on the other. He will picture the earnest pleading of the Christians, and the King's cautious reply—a reply which, Stanley said, seemed to contain the seeds of all that

is excellent in the English character. From the Isle of Thanet the missionaries crossed to Richborough, and thence advanced to



THE CHOIR OF THE CATHEDRAL.
Photo by J. Bulbeck and Co., Strand.



EXTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY COLLIS, CANTERBURY.

glass windows have been erected. Dean Farrar has spared no pains to make the arrangements for the great visit of the majority of the Archbishops, Bishops, and Metropolitans of the English, Irish, Scotch, and American Dioceses, with the Bishops of India, Canada, Africa, Australia,

Canterbury—then a rude wooden city. Ethelbert at first gave them "Stable-gate," where they had to remain until he could make up his mind about this new religion. At length he allowed them to worship with his Queen Bertha, a Christian, in the Church of St. Martin,

which she had built when she left her home in France and came to be the wife of Ethelbert. It is this venerable and historic Church of St. Martin that the Bishops will visit on July 3, and here a service will be held. It was probably in this church that the baptism of Ethelbert took place on June 2, A. D. 597. The next item in the day's programme will be a special Thirteenth Centenary Service in the Cathedral, on which occasion the Bishops will be addressed by Dr. Temple from the steps of the Chair of St. Augustine. The procession on this occasion should prove a unique spectacle. First will come the officers of the Canterbury barracks, then the civic dignitaries, the Mayors of Kent and other representative personages, and lastly the Archbishop, Bishops, and clergy, wearing the Convocation robes. In the afternoon the ruins of the very ancient Church of St. Pancras, which Ethelbert, directly after his baptism, made over to Augustine for a regular place of Christian worship, will be visited, as also will the interesting College of St. Augustine. The story of the old buildings of Canterbury is one full of interest. The College was in its earliest days known as the "Abbey of St. Peter and St. Paul." It was designed in order that the new clergy of the Christian Mission might be devoted to study and learning, and in order that it might serve as a consecrated ground where the bones of the Roman missionaries might repose after death. Such a place, according to Roman usages, could not have been built within the walls of Canterbury. St. Augustine's Abbey was the first English Public School, the first English University, "at a time," as Dean Stanley puts it, "when Cambridge was a desolate fen and Oxford a tangled forest in a wide waste of waters."

It is interesting, too, to note that in the library at Corpus Christi College at Cambridge, and in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, two ancient manuscript Gospels exist, which it is supposed are the very books which Pope Gregory sent to Augustine as marks of his good wishes to the rising monastery. If so, they are the most ancient books that ever were read in England.

To return to the Abbey, we find it was suppressed as a monastery by the energetic Henry in 1538. For a time it was a royal palace. Here once lived Cardinal Pole, and here once Elizabeth held her Court. In 1844 Mr. A. J. Beresford-Hope, M.P., bought it, and it has been from that day a missionary college. The Canterbury Pilgrim will look in vain for any traces of the first or Augustine's Church at Canterbury. When Augustine was formally consecrated as the first Archbishop of Canterbury, Ethelbert determined to give him a dwelling-place and a house of prayer within the City walls. He accordingly gave up his own palace, and an old British or Roman church to be the seat of the new Archbishop, and the foundation of the new Cathedral. Canterbury Cathedral is thus the earliest monument of an English Church establishment, and since the time of Augustine a Christian Church has always stood on its site. Canterbury can boast a charm and interest which few other English Cathedrals can rival, and well does it deserve to be called the Premier Cathedral of England. Within its walls are monuments which bear witness to its close connection with the great secular events of our national history. The Cathedral exhibits the first traces of Early English style, and, besides the ancient Roman work recognised by archaeologists in the crypt, it contains specimens of the pre-Norman, Norman, Transition, Early English, Decorated, Perpendicular, and modern styles.

The photograph of the Choir which is reproduced was taken by Mr. J. Bulbeck, who, in a very short time, has won for himself a name as one of the first architectural photographers of the day. His series of photographs of the interiors of the English Cathedrals and Abbeys shows the perfection to which photography has arrived. Everyone who knows the difficulties in the way of photographing interiors satisfactorily will readily appreciate Mr. Bulbeck's work.

The occasion is creating quite a literature of its own. Among others may be noted a capital little book on the Cathedral, from the pen of Dean Fremantle, in the admirable series now being published by Messrs. Isbister. Mrs. Frewen Lord has written for Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. tales of the Cathedral for the benefit of children, so that nobody need be ignorant of the story of the See.

THE VICTORIAN ERA EXHIBITION AT EARL'S COURT.

The Victorian Era Exhibition, which was appropriately opened on the Queen's Birthday by the Duke of Cambridge, is the best of all the exhibitions—and a very good one at that—which have been held at Earl's Court. For, while the gardens are prettier than ever, and the music more plentiful and better than before, there is really a most interesting exhibition, of such magnitude and scope that, as with the charges for refreshments, all classes are suited. Art, Music, and the Drama are all well represented. There is a special section devoted to the illustration of the progress made by Woman during her Majesty's reign; and there is a capacious room filled with trophies of sport, which will gladden the hearts of lovers of horse-racing, of cricket, of rowing—in fact, of sport of every kind. Even in the Industrial exhibits, which are apt to be mere advertisements in disguise, it is evident that the avowed plan of the Exhibition—the display of English progress during the past sixty years—has been kept well in mind. Mr. Imre Kiralfy is to be congratulated not only upon his inventive genius and his capacity for organisation, but upon the success with which he has gathered around him a band of

willing workers, whose share in the success of the enterprise should be recognised.

For instance, take the Fine Art section alone as an example. The picture-galleries in great amusement places are not, as a rule, taken seriously, simply because they are of a low average of merit. In fact, the word Art is, thus applied, a misnomer. But at Earl's Court all this is changed, and the working committee of the Art section have gathered together a collection of pictures by British painters of which we may, as a nation, well be proud. Turner, Stanfield, George Mason, Wilkie, Cotman, Lord Leighton, Sir John Millais, and John Pettie are included in the names of painters of the past whose works illumine the Earl's Court walls. Again, the works by living artists are even more remarkable. Mr. Waterhouse, Mr. Solomon, Mr. Oulless, Mr. Orchardson, Mr. E. J. Gregory, Mr. Alfred East, Mr. David Murray, Mr. W. L. Wyllie, Mr. Tadema, and Sir Edward Poynter are all *en évidence*. But, excellent as are the pictures in the Fine Art section, the surprise of this part of the Exhibition lies in the sculpture. A remarkable collection of the works of living English sculptors has been brought together, with a result that will satisfy the critic and astonish the public. It is impossible within the limits of a brief article to go into the details of even one section of the Victorian Era Exhibition, but enough has been said for the present to indicate that the paintings and sculpture at Earl's Court are well worthy of a special visit. The same remark may be justly applied to the other departments, the Historical and Commemorative, the Drama and the Sports sections being particularly good and especially interesting.

The Dramatic Exhibition has been arranged so deftly that it is attractive alike to the public and to the student of the stage. For the former, there are several large stages, where such popular plays as "The Mikado," "Rosemary," and "Black Ey'd Susan" are represented by real scenery, which, in due course, will be supplemented by portrait models, in wax, of the famous actors of the day. Mr. Hawes Craven's beautiful painting of the Hampton Court scene from "Charles the First," at the Lyceum, occupies the place of honour among the several stages. Mr. H. P. Hall's forest scene from "As You Like It," at the St. James's, and Mr. Telbin's rampart scene, painted for Mr. Tree's production of "Hamlet," are contrasted by Mr. Henry Emden's bright "Pekin" scene from Mr. Oscar Barrett's Drury Lane pantomime, "Aladdin."

Turning from these more showy subjects, we come to the Picture part of the Drama section, where Mr. Austin Brereton has gathered several hundreds of prints and oils of the noted events and players of the period. Richardson's Show and Vauxhall Gardens start the collection, and the oil-paintings of particular note range from Madame Vestris to Sir Henry Irving, and include Macready, Phelps, Jefferson, Mrs. Potter, Mary Anderson, Charles Wyndham, Miss Mary Moore, Wilson Barrett, and W. S. Gilbert, the latter, by Frank Holl, a particularly striking work of art. There are several hundreds of play-bills. There are costume designs by Wilhelm and other artists, original drawings for the Lyceum souvenir publications—all on the walls—while a life-size reproduction of Mr. E. Onslow Ford's well-known statue of Irving as Hamlet, and the same sculptor's bust of Mr. Alexander, have places of honour. In the show-cases, the public will be interested in seeing the scales used by Phelps when he played Shylock, the dagger which he used as Macbeth, the presents, which the Queen gave to the late Sir Augustus Harris, and many another curious and interesting relic. In short, the Drama section of the Victorian Era Exhibition contains over a thousand pictures and other memorials of the English stage during the last sixty years. It is, in fact, an exhibition in itself, and, like the Fine Art division, can only be fully described by a special article.

Enough has been said to show that the exhibits at Earl's Court—or, to be more precise, the thousands of articles which are housed in the enormous galleries and other buildings—are of unusual value and interest. So that, even should the weather prove dismal, there is ample accommodation indoors for all visitors, and entertainment and instruction into the bargain. But, if ever a year called for "Queen's weather," this is surely the year. And, be it said, more care than usual has been displayed upon the gardens and fountains of Earl's Court. Lieut. Dan Godfrey will conduct one band, Signor Venanzi another, so that both eye and ear will be charmed as we walk about in the ample grounds and by the pretty lake.

One of the most important of the new attractions this year is "Picturesque England," a series of quaint, old-time buildings, which justify the name bestowed upon them by Mr. Imre Kiralfy, who has transformed the Indian village of old into a bit of our own country which will especially delight the visitor to London. And in the centre of "Picturesque England" is a large building allotted to the Sport collection to which allusion has already been made. Here one might easily spend a pleasant hour or two, examining the bats of noted cricketers and the oars from the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-races, the gold and silver plate, and the other relics of all branches of sport which have been so industriously brought together.

Another, and one of the most striking, of the new features is the panorama which meets the view as the visitor enters the Western Gardens *en route* from the Great Wheel. The enormous background represents Old Windsor, and so cleverly is the picture painted, and art is so neatly allied to nature, that it is difficult to tell where the real trees leave off and the painted ones begin. In the beautiful Western Gardens the Panorama of Ancient Rome remains a permanent attraction, and the old Welcome Club, with its roomy lawn, still extends its hospitality to the properly introduced visitor.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

Miniature is now apparently going to take its real place among the living and working arts of the present day, and, that being the case, it is interesting to draw attention to the reproduction on this page of some miniatures exhibited at the Fine Art Society's. Peter Oliver's "Charles I." is perhaps the most masterly of the series. Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson, in a note upon the Graves Galleries, recently asserted that the aim of miniature-painting was, in the first place, beauty. We might forgive a little flatness in the modelling, so he practically wrote; we might condone a little looseness in the drawing, if beauty was secured just under these conditions of miniature-painting. Now, in this particular miniature it seems that we obtain both these effects, the effect of fine portrait-painting—character, splendid drawing, and modelling—and the effect also of pure beauty. Note the exquisite handling of the ruff, and the almost spiritual loveliness of the facial expression. It is admirably done.

of Mrs. Jordan, from the collection of Mr. W. Cuthbert Quilter, M.P., in the *Magazine of Art* for June. Surely this ranks among the finest of its kind in the world. The radiant beauty of the woman shines out at you, seated as becomes a queen, her lovely head resting on her right hand, her left arm drooping with exquisite grace. And all this effect seems to be wrought by the simplest of means: her garment is absolutely simple; there are no elaborate accessories; there is no foil to the perfection of the sitter save one tall ewer, that stands on the ground beside her. The reproduction is one of the best that have appeared even in the *Magazine of Art*.

Mr. Elliot Stock has just issued in one slim volume an extremely painstaking book, "George Morland's Pictures: their present possessors, with details of the Collections," by Ralph Richardson, F.R.S.E., F.S.A.



LADY HAMILTON.
BY ANDREW PLIMMER



LADY HORATIA SEYMOUR.
BY ANDREW PLIMMER.



GEORGINA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.
BY HENRY BONE, R.A.



CROMWELL.
BY SAMUEL COOPER.



PORTRAIT IN GRISAILLE.



CHARLES I.
BY PETER OLIVER.

MINIATURES EXHIBITED AT THE FINE ART SOCIETY'S GALLERIES.

Andrew Plimmer's "Lady Hamilton" and "Lady Horatia Seymour," on the other hand, illustrate emphatically the truth of Mr. Stevenson's *obiter dictum*. They are perhaps a trifle formal, and the drawing and modelling are a little—shall one say?—knock-kneed. You feel, for example, that the eyes of Lady Horatia Seymour are the painter's ideal of eyes, and the pose of the head is mildly artificial. Still, both these portraits have the beauty of extreme prettiness and tender sweetness. Henry Bone's "Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire," is not so pretty as either of these, but it has beauty of character and of attitude. The Cromwell of Samuel Cooper has certainly nothing of the beauty which Mr. Stevenson desires for miniature, and, from that point of view, it is perhaps not the best kind of miniature; perhaps it is not miniature at all, save for the fact of size and shape in the setting. Still, it is a strong and interesting portrait, finely handled and instinct with character.

And apropos of portraits of the Lady Hamilton period, attention may be drawn to the beautiful reproduction of Romney's magnificent portrait

Mr. Ralph Richardson is also the author of a biography of George Morland, and he on that occasion invited proprietors of paintings by Morland to communicate to him the details of their collections. The response has been, on the whole, very satisfactory; but Mr. Richardson has his fears that, owing to the activity with which Morland is known to have pursued his calling, and the extraordinary number of paintings which left his easel, the details collected in this book "represent only a tithe of his works." At all events, if Mr. Richardson thinks it worth while to continue his labours in this quarter, he may rest assured that he has made a very good beginning. The book is naturally not very exhilarating reading, and is really only a supplement to the former biography, but it will be, of course, interesting to any proprietors, not only of the paintings, but also of engraved paintings, lists of whom, together with details of their collections, are here printed. The same proprietors will also, it may be supposed, be interested in the index to the localities where they reside, and the world will mildly admire and pass by.



THE STORY OF BHANAVAR. By GEORGE MEREDITH. (No. 1.)

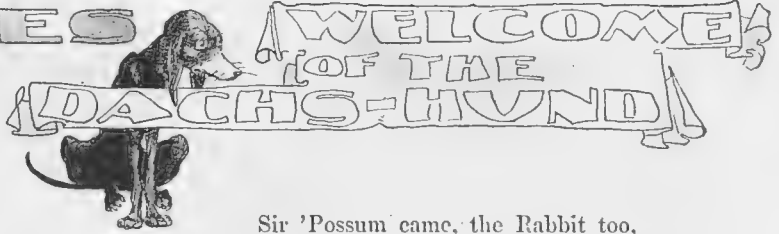
BHANAVAR SHOWS THE JEWEL TO RUARK.

Arising, she thrust her hand into her bosom, and held forth the Jewel in the palm of her white hand. When Ruark beheld the marvel of the Jewel, and the redness moving in it as of a panting heart, and the flashing eye of fire that it was, and all its glory, he cried, "It was indeed a Jewel for Queens to covet from the Serpent, and a prize the noblest might risk all to win as a gift for thee."

THE DUMPIES

FRANK VER-BECK,
DICKENS CLUB,
HISTORIAN.

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One morning, when the Rabbit and Sir 'Possum had set forth for a ramble, they came back in great haste. As soon as they could get breath they declared that an enemy was at the gates demanding admittance. They had not seen him, but from his voice they knew him to be one of the Dog tribe, between whom and themselves there had never been any friendship. They begged, therefore, that he be driven away and requested not to return on penalty of death.

The Dumpty tribe assembled and marched to the gates, Wiseacre in advance. When they drew near they heard a plaintive and musical voice singing. They paused at a signal from Wiseacre, and listened in silence to

THE SONG OF THE DACHSHUND.

"Oh, valiant tribe of a verdant land,
Open the doors to the Dachshund.
Oh, friendly hearts of a famous band,
Open the doors to the Dachshund.

For the way was long and the way was lone—
Without a bite, and without a bone—
And I long to kneel at the Dumpling's throne;
Open the doors to the Dachshund.
Most noble King,
To you I sing;
Open the doors to the Dachshund."

As the song ended there was a loud protest from the Rabbit and Sir 'Possum, who declared that the new-comer belonged to the ancient tribe of Black-and-Tans, and was a dangerous associate, being of quarrelsome and fierce nature. The Dumpies, however, hesitated. The singer's flattery and hunger worked on their feelings. Wiseacre at last decided that they invite him in, and hold a council at which his case could be fairly considered and voted upon.

The gates were then thrown open wide,
The weary Dachshund stepped inside.
The 'Possum fainted on the ground;
The Rabbit vanished with a bound.



The Dumpies crowded up to see
The stranger. Tall and slim was he,
With drooping ears and body long,
And eyes as plaintive as his song.

At first a silent tear he shed,
And then to Wiseacre he said:
"The way was long, the way was lone—
Without a bite, without a bone—
I asked for bread and got a stone,
Take pity on the Dachshund."

Then straightway to the Council Hall,
The Dumpies, animals and all,
Conducted him without delay.
And each one had a word to say
About this stranger and his song—
His legs, and ears, and body long.

Sir 'Possum came, the Rabbit too,
And loud and fierce discussion grew;
But when the Dachshund rose to speak,
He only said in accents weak:
"The way was long, the way was lone—
Without a bite, without a bone,
Fatigue and hunger have I known—
Have mercy on the Dachshund."

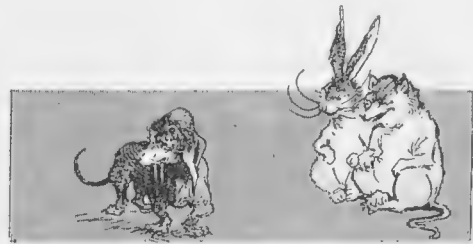
Then Wiseacre arose and said:
"I move this suppliant be fed,
And then allowed to stay and sing,
And guard the palace of the King."
At this the Rabbit rose and cried:
"Agreed! if you will keep him tied
Throughout the day, until, at night,
My doors are shut and fastened tight."

And so the wandering dog was fed,
And wined and dined and put to bed;



Then tied beneath the Dumpling's stoop,
Where, like a chicken in a coop,
He sang and slumbered all day long,
And this the burden of his song:
"The way was long, the way was lone—
Without a bite, without a bone—
But now I'm fed and fatter grown,
A most contented Dachshund."

Thus the Dachshund became the minstrel guard of the Dumpling's palace. From chasing about at night his legs did not become short fast



enough to suit the heaviness of his body and very low quarters beneath the Dumpling's porch. Hence he became knock-kneed, and remains so until this day, even though his legs are now so short that one of our wise men has said that he has the appearance of having been born under a bureau.

In time, too, he became too lazy to sing, and lost much of his sweet voice as well as his brave and fierce disposition. What with all of this, and his short legs and fat body, which made him a slow runner, the Rabbit and Sir 'Possum ceased to fear him, and he was allowed to roam in and out the gates of Dumpty Land at will.



THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

"The Third Violet" (Heinemann), Mr. Stephen Crane's new story, has none of the striking qualities of "Maggie," or "The Red Badge of Courage," or of the best tales in "The Little Regiment" volume. But it is a very likeable story, softer than any of the others at the core, though on the outside rough enough. The hero, a young painter, and all his friends, too, talk slang, and their manners are not suave. He cannot learn a new demeanour even when he is wooing the lady, the lady who gave him three violets, because he was too obtuse or too modest to take for granted the meaning of the first and second. The rough-and-tumble style of the book may be put down, half to a conscious desire to reproduce the atmosphere of New York art-student circles, and half to Mr. Crane's hasty slapdash method of work when he is not dealing with any very complicated set of circumstances, a method occasionally very successful, again merely rough and offensive. "The Third Violet" is the least good thing he has given us in prose, but there is a strong human interest in it, and a boyish vigour which is refreshing, and even interesting whenever it is touched by art.

"Fancy's Guerdon," by "Anodos," the new number of Mr. Elkin Mathews' "Shilling Garland," contains about twenty sets of verses, mostly good, one or two nearly excellent. "Anodos" is not quite a new poet, for I see from an advertisement he has already written "Fancy's Following," printed at Mr. Daniel's Press, from which some of the poems here have been selected. They are a little spasmodic, and, considering their small number, a little disunited. But as suggestive specimens of what "Anodos" can do, they were well worth printing, especially the condensed narrative ones. "Dead of Night" is a full story in three strophes, of which this is the spirited last—

They laughed as they fell, and they died right well,
And they called to their foes for more.
"We will go to hell, but the tale we'll tell
Of the seven that fought with four."

But why does Mr. Mathews bring his excellent young poets into disrepute by dubbing their produce "Shilling Garlands"?

Mr. Lang's delightful collection of ballads in Messrs. Chapman and Hall's new "Diamond Library" is followed by Mr. Quiller-Couch's "English Sonnets." The selection is compiled with much taste, if it is not better than all its forerunners in the same field, and it has a most commonsensible preface. He disposes neatly of Mark Pattison's pedantic assertion, that much misplaced labour would have been saved if it had been recognised that the so-called sonnets of Shakspeare are not sonnets at all, by shrewdly remarking that, "It is usually possible to save yourself trouble by considering something as something else, especially if you thereby remove it from the category of things you happen to be studying into the category of things on which you propose to bestow no attention; but that you serve the interests of sound criticism by this process seems disputable." I think from this pretty and companionable book the illustrations might have been omitted. To find opposite "Nuns fret not" a medallion portrait of Wordsworth carefully and resignedly balancing a top-hat on his knee is a curious commentary on the sonnet.

An excellent edition of Bacon's Essays has been prepared for the Pitt Press by Mr. Alfred S. West, of Trinity College, Cambridge. Mr. West's part of the work forms not only a guide to the subject-matter under discussion, but to the entire range of culture which Bacon's time represented.

There is a pleasant hour to be had from Vernon Lee's new book of Essays, "Limbo" (Richards). For the most part a lament over the ugly present, it is not so unreasonable or indiscriminate as such laments are wont to be. It is uncommonly sympathetic to that laughing-stock of all superior people, the tourist. "The tourist," thinks Vernon Lee, "walks in a halo of romance," while the cosmopolitan in the great old cities of the world may only know "to a nicety hours and places which demand a high hat. The foreigner with his Baedeker, turning his back to the Colosseum in his anxiety to reach it, and ashamed as well as unable to ask his way," is, very likely, "in the act of possessing Rome." There is a pleasant paper on "Old Italian Gardens," an ache-giving one on "Leisure," and another, "The Lie of the Land," a courageous but quite unsuccessful attempt to describe what gives charm, or memorability, or both, to a landscape. Vernon Lee is always more or less instructive, even pedagogic in style; but she is so of late in a rather apologetic manner; and the apology means an added grace and not a weakness.

"Naples in the Nineties" (Black) promises the most up-to-date account of the transformation going on in South Italian towns and of the survivals which still defy the forward movements of municipalities. It is a sequel to an earlier book by the same writer, Mr. E. Neville-Rolfe, her Majesty's Consul for South Italy, "Naples in 1888." But, though the tale of demolition and modernisation is long enough to sadden an artist, it has not been found long enough to fill a volume, and so space is left for a dissertation on the Buried Cities of Campania and a lengthy account of a journey to Italy made by an ancestor in 1759—without any detriment, it must be said, to the interest of the whole. The most attractive chapter is that on "Sorcery and Witchcraft." Mr. Rolfe's material is scanty, but very curious, none the less so that, in the interpretation of the mystical document of which a facsimile is given, said to be a charm against floods, the aid of Planchette was called in! Planchette, on this occasion, answered with all the prompt and definite manner of the great Magnall.

O. O.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

It is one of the misfortunes of educational and ecclesiastical organisations, that very small disputes relating to their discipline or doctrine shall appear to their members as absolutely world-shaking conflicts, and the temporary decision of such petty squabbles as something rather superior in importance to the Battle of Waterloo. We are used to this curious obliquity of vision in ecclesiastical history, and it is no less evident in the history of Universities, which were, indeed, a subdivision of the Church in mediæval times; and still retain many traces of their origin. And, as our ancient Universities send out many of our modern journalists, the exaggerated estimate of the importance of University affairs which they—hardly yet emerged from the pupillary pupa—honestly cherish is spread abroad upon the vast and formless multitude that buys halfpenny journals.

Fortunately the multitude, being of mercifully short memory, mostly forgets the epoch making event before it has finished happening. But those who are not blest with the faculty of oblivion to the same extent can dimly recall how a storm of Fleet Street frenzy was roused over the case of a girl of no importance who had been placed in the Spinning House on evidence that seemed doubtful to the journalistic mind, and how the putting of an undergraduate of less importance in the basin of his college squirt was the text for many pages of bad grammar. Especially has Cambridge been favoured by our modern scribes, for, though Oxford is possibly better equipped as a training-school for journalists, there have always been a few enterprising pressmen to bring the scent of Barnwell Pool over the footpaths of Fleet Street.

It is owing to the excessive refraction of a University atmosphere that the late small dispute concerning the granting of titular degrees to duly qualified women, has been magnified in public estimation and journalistic mention till it has assumed portentous proportions; and while the advocates of degrees for women cry out on cruel oppression, the majority of M.A.'s rejoice that they have saved their ancient University from the greatest revolution that has threatened it since Henry VIII. stole the College plate. The real facts of the case are simple. Women residing at Girton and Newnham Colleges, and a few more living at home or in other recognised and regulated dwellings at Cambridge, have for a number of years been admitted to attend lectures, and have been examined in the same papers as those male students who go in for honours. After passing these examinations, they are presented with certificates, and their names are placed in class-lists, marking the place which they would have occupied if they had been among the men. To those who know the technicalities of the University of Cambridge, this is enough; it is not the degree which he shares with the lowest poll-man, but his place and subject that classify the male student. A good many men do not think it worth while to take their M.A. degree at all (which merely means a B.A. degree *plus* three years and a sum of money); many others never use the title; while for a man to call himself B.A. (Cantab.) is generally regarded as the extremity of snobbishness.

But there is one exception which may (in extreme cases) justify the assumption even of the B.A. title in print. A teacher at a school needs all the imposing initials he can muster to impress the average middle-class parent, always too-prone to despise learning. Now parents, as a rule, are ignorant of the technicalities of a University. Miss Smith, who teaches their girls algebra, may be "equal to twenty-first" among the Wranglers; but the parents of Miss Smith's pupils have no knowledge of any but the domestic variety of Wrangler. Whereas, Mr. Brown, the Junior Op. who tries to teach arithmetic to their sons, is a B.A. already, and will soon be an M.A., if he can manage to scrape up a few pounds. Now the British parent does not know that Brown is a Junior Op., nor would he have any idea of the meaning of the name if he *did* know it. Therefore, to the British parent, Brown is largely superior in attainment to Miss Smith; which is the reverse of the case. And even if Miss Smith takes a London degree, "Ah, my dear, but London isn't Cambridge!" which is undoubtedly the fact.

I believe that what the average female student wanted was merely the letters B.A. or M.A. to stick up, so to speak, in her window, in order to show the parents of pupils (for in three cases out of four she means to teach) something that they think they understand. At present the Cambridge female student resides the same time as the man, goes to the same lectures, and passes examinations which are, on the average, more severe. What she wants is the two letters which form the code-word representing this aggregate of facts. Certain women *may* want to go further, and secure the vote that the ordinary M.A. generally has; but there is plenty of precedent for denying it. Large classes of men either do not take their M.A., or, having taken it, do not keep their names on the books; and these have no votes, nor have the recipients of honorary degrees.

Still, the injustice of refusing the titular degree is a small matter; and the decision just arrived at will probably have very little effect on world-history, even though it has stirred the afternoon-tea-cup of Cambridge don-society down to where the sugar would be if the University could afford it. It has also given the "young barbarians" of Cambridge the opportunity for a huge and, on the whole, successful "rag," which might easily have burnt down part of the town, and did not. Providence is supposed to look after the infant and the intoxicated; much more then would a special Providence watch over the combination.—MARMITON.



MISS ADA FERRAR AND MR. JULIUS KNIGHT
AS THE PRINCESS FLAVIA AND RUDOLF RASSENDYLL IN "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA."
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TALMA, MELBOURNE.

THE HOME OF JOHN KYRLE: "MAN OF ROSS."

Photographs by P. Heywood Hadfield.

The wise man who seeks rest and quiet amidst beautiful scenery will be well advised just now if he takes a trip to the little town of Ross in Herefordshire—once the home of the "Man of Ross," of whom I write. Pope wrote—

All our praises, why should lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse, and sing the "Man of Ross";
Pleased Vagabond through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.

Just now "Vaga"—the rapid Wye—is busy putting on her spring dress, and her banks are clothed in masses of foliage, bursting into flower; just now, too, the orchards of Herefordshire—the county of apples and cider—are in full bloom, and the green expanse of country is picked out with great masses of pink-white blossom. The lanes are lined with primroses and spring flowers, and the birds are gaily chattering their love-songs as they build their nests in the hedgerows. Ross is a little market-town famous for nothing but the beauty of its surroundings and for the memory of John Kyrle—a memory which the little town loves to keep green. But the public know not the "Man of Ross," who or what manner of man he was. Probably few of the members of the Kyrle Society know how their society came to be called after a small country squire.

The "Man of Ross" was an ideal philanthropist. A simple country gentleman of but small means, he yet contrived to endear himself to squire and peasant of all the country-side. He constituted himself arbiter of their quarrels and reliever of their needs. To him rich and poor alike resorted for assistance in their troubles. He delighted in giving presents to portionless girls on their marriage, and would often pay the apprenticeship fees of the charity boys from the Blue Coat School in the town.

A devout son of the Church, John Kyrle attended prayers daily. He caused a new spire to be built, a part of which he himself designed. In the tower he placed a bell, which bore the inscription, "John Kyrle, of Ross, Esquire, gave this bell, 1695." Old records tell how Kyrle went

of the men of Ross. He also gave to the town a piece of land adjoining the churchyard, which he called The Prospect, where the townsmen could take the air and admire the panorama of country which lay before them, framed between the silvery horseshoe curve of the Wye and the blue, hazy outline of the distant Welsh mountains.

Poor people were wont to go to the "Man of Ross" when they became sick; he kept a simple stock of drugs in his house, and prescribed for the country people. John Kyrle lived a bachelor all his days, and his kinswoman, Miss Judith Budd, kept his house; he delighted in "open house," and his friends were always sure of good cheer. In his chimney-corner was always a block of wood, on which any poor person could sit; each Sunday he distributed to the poor a large piece of beef and three pecks of flour.

In person, worthy John is described as a tall, thin, well-shaped man, with a jolly, ruddy face ornamented with a large nose; he was always carefully dressed in a plain brown suit and wore the wig of the period.

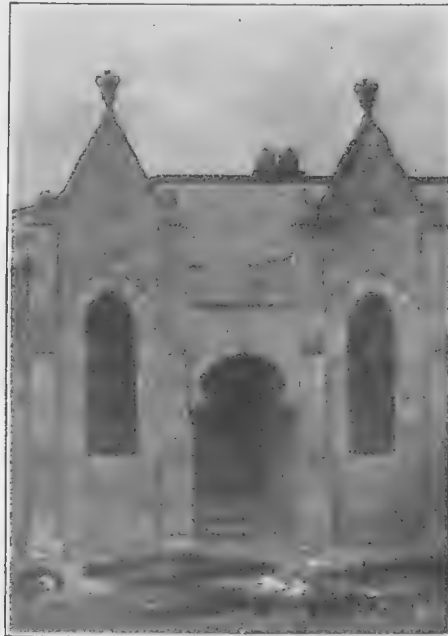
Such was John Kyrle, "Man of Ross"—a simple, kindly countryman whose merits Pope thought worthy of song. He died in 1724, and was laid by the side of his friend the Rector of Ross in the parish churchyard. A monument was erected to him in the chancel in 1776.

The memory of the "Man of Ross" is dear to the men of Ross even now. His house may still be seen opposite the old Market-house, on which he once caused to be carved a monogram signifying "Love Charles to the heart," so that he might be reminded of his loyalty as he looked from his casement window. The house still retains some of its old features, and behind it is the garden in which Kyrle used daily to water his plants; a summer-house to which he used to retire for meditation still stands. An old doorway bearing the Kyrle arms worked in horseshoe nails still remains, and was very likely the work of his hands.

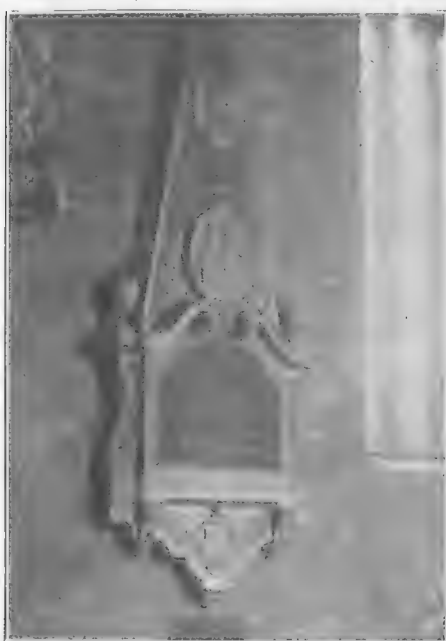
There are many traditions concerning the "Man of Ross." Within the church are to be seen to-day two small trees, which are said to have grown from Kyrle's grave; most probably they are shoots from one of the great elm-trees he planted. The "heaven-directed spire" which he



KYRLE'S DWELLING-HOUSE AT ROSS.



KYRLE'S SUMMER-HOUSE.



MONUMENT TO KYRLE.



ROSS PARISH CHURCH.



THE KYRLE ARMS WORKED IN HORSESHOE NAILS.

over to Rudhall's Foundry at Gloucester to see his great tenor bell cast, taking with him an old silver tankard, which, after drinking to King and Church, he threw into the molten metal. Through the remainder of his life the bell tolled forth, but shortly after his death it fell and was destroyed—a strange coincidence.

His favourite pursuits were farming, tree-planting, and laying-out of walks; one of these, John Kyrle's Walk, is still a favourite promenade

built is now no more, but a similar one surmounts the tower of the church at the top of the riverside hill on which the town is built.

Probably Kyrle used to watch, from his beloved Prospect, the barges loading and unloading at the dock below; but now the barges have given way to pleasure-boats, and tourists are the only "goods" embarked for a voyage through the pastures and the gorges of the River Wye.

P. HEYWOOD HADFIELD.

ARTHUR ROBERTS AS THE GREAT TRICKOLI, AT THE EMPIRE.

Photographs by Lascelles, Fitzroy Street, W.



AS GENTLEMAN JOE.



AS THE DOCTOR.



HOW HE IS DRESSED.

THE DERBY.

Photographs by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket.



GALTEE MORE COMING OUT FOR EXERCISE.



VELASQUEZ.

THE DERBY.

Photographs by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket.

J. WATTS, WHO WILL RIDE VELASQUEZ.



MR. GUBBINS, THE OWNER OF GALTEE MORE.



C. WOOD, WHO WILL RIDE GALTEE MORE.

The Derby this year will, from a racing point of view, be a tame affair, as it is generally conceded that Galtee More has 14 lb. in hand, and this the result should prove. The son of Kendal has, strange as it may appear, been beaten once. This was in the Lancashire Breeders' Produce Stakes at Liverpool last year, when Brigg won and Galtee More and

worthy to rank with Ormonde. Velasquez has not improved in appearance from two years to the present. He has suffered from tooth troubles, but these have been put right. He won the Coventry Stakes at Ascot last year, and was successful at Goodwood. He shapes like a sprinter, and is far more likely to shine at six furlongs than



MR. WALTERS, THE TRAINER OF VELASQUEZ.



MR. DARLING, THE TRAINER OF GALTEE MORE.

Glencully ran a dead-heat for second place. It is needless to add that the win was a lucky one, as Galtee More, who was ridden by Watts, was interfered with in the race. When he beat Velasquez in the Middle Park Plate many old stagers marked him down as a Derby winner. His victories in the Two Thousand and Newmarket Stakes this year were gained without an effort, and critics of standing think him a smasher

at any distance over a mile. Velasquez is home-bred, and Lord Rosebery considered early in the year that he could not be beaten either in the Two Thousand or Derby. The horse is very likely to win a good handicap, say the Cambridgeshire, later in the year. This colt is trained by Walters junior, who also has Chelandry under his charge. This filly would most certainly win the Oaks if reserved for the race. At the



MR. DARLING'S RESIDENCE, BECKHAMPTON HOUSE.



MR. DARLING'S NEW STABLES.

same time, Lord Rosebery's friends urged him to start Chelandry for the Derby on the off chance. Berzak is one of the best horses imported from America by Mr. Pierre Lorillard. As a two-year-old he ran second in the Champagne Stakes to Velasquez, and second in the Dewhurst Plate, won by Vesuvian, who was withdrawn from the Derby to run for the Grand Prix. This year Berzak was not placed in the Two Thousand, but finished second to Galtee More in the Newmarket Stakes. Mr. Lorillard told his friends a month ago that the horse would get a place in the Derby. He is built to come down the hill. Berzak is trained on the American principle by Huggins, at Newmarket. History is considered by many to have a chance of getting a place. He is the property of Sir Samuel Scott, Bart., who sometimes rides his own horses. History is by Hampton out of Isabella. His two-year-old performances were mediocre. He won the Union Jack Stakes at Liverpool this year. In a recent trial at a mile and a half he beat Son o' Mine, and the stable connections at once thought him good enough for Epsom. The colt is

scales a hundred and fifty pounds; a full-grown adult stands about thirty inches high at the shoulder.

Like some other powerful and active creatures, the puma is a coward; but when wounded he does not hesitate to turn on man, or on the dogs with which it is very usual to hunt him; when he does take the offensive, he is, as may be imagined, a foe not to be trifled with. Readers of Mr. W. H. Hudson's delightful book "The Naturalist in La Plata," will remember that he gives some very curious information concerning the disposition of the South American variety—which, by the way, differs from that of the North in being somewhat larger. He confirms its character for cowardice, but goes much further; he says that "it will not, as a rule, defend itself from man"; he says he has questioned scores of hunters on the point, and all agree that "it resigns itself in an unresisting, pathetic manner to death at the hands of man." The Gauchos of the Pampas attribute to the puma a feeling of actual friendliness for humanity, calling it *amigo del cristiano*, and all



THE PUMA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DIXON, ALBANY STREET, W.

trained by J. Cannon. Of the four favourites mentioned, the sire only of Velasquez, namely, Donovan, won the Derby, and, stranger still, Walters junior is the only trainer of the four who has prepared a Derby winner.

THE PUMA.

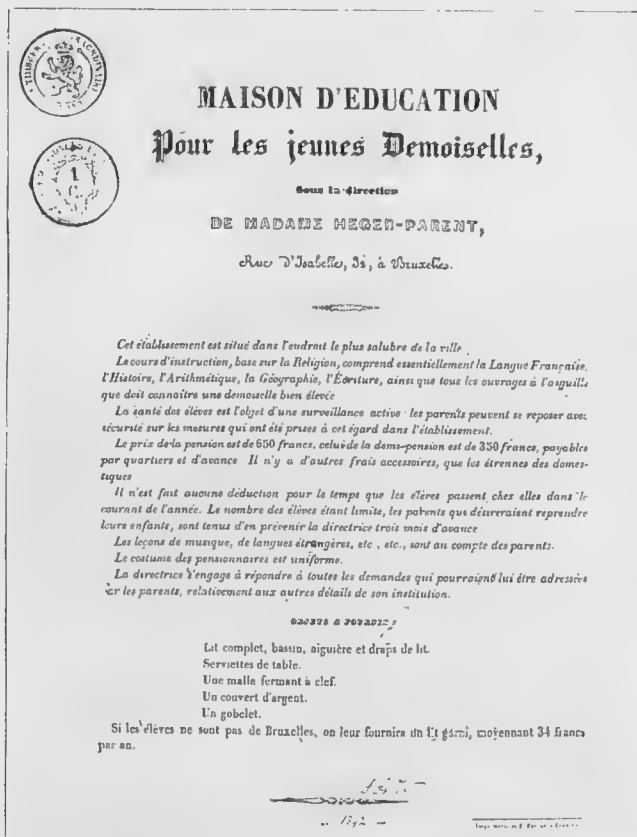
The puma (*Felis concolor*) is one of those animals concerning whose identity some little confusion arises out of a superabundance of names. In the Eastern States of North America he is the cougar, and sometimes the panther; in the West he is dignified as the mountain-lion, or called the catamount; and in South America he is known as the puma; which last, for obvious reasons, seems the best name to apply. Even among the cats the puma is conspicuous for activity: Mr. E. L. Sheppard, a professional hunter and guide, who had lifelong acquaintance with the game of the Adirondacks, once measured, on snow, a leap of nearly forty feet made by a puma; this leap was the last of a series of four taken by the beast in its successful attack upon a deer. On another occasion Mr. Sheppard measured the length of a spring made by a puma from a ledge of rock twenty feet above the level of the ground on which his prey was standing; the beast covered sixty feet from mark to mark, and struck the deer with such force "as to knock it nearly a rod farther off." In reference to these performances it must be mentioned that in North America it is a large puma which tapes eight feet from muzzle to tail-tip, and an unusually heavy one which

Mr. Hudson heard on the subject "compelled me to believe that the puma really does possess a unique instinct of friendliness for man, the origin of which, like that of many other well-known instincts of animals, must remain a mystery." Dr. Hart Merriam, one of the most careful and painstaking of American naturalists, makes no allusion to this trait in his excellent paper on the puma read before the Linnæan Society of New York in 1885, and we may be sure he would not have omitted mention of a characteristic so remarkable had it come under his notice. It will, perhaps, be right to infer that there is a material difference between the character of the puma of North and that of South America.

The "game-killing" puma, as may be supposed, depends chiefly upon venison; he is curiously economical, dragging the carcass of a deer to suitable cover, and returning again and again until he has finished the whole; one deer may thus last him a week or ten days. The puma knows his limitations; he usually attacks the young and less wary animals, and in summer never troubles to pursue a deer if he fail to bring it down on his first attempt to stalk. When snow lies deep on the ground it is another matter; he knows well that he can travel faster than the deer, and always hunts him down. Porcupines are a favourite article of diet of the puma, and the spines are often found sticking in the lips of specimens that have been shot. The female generally produces two kittens at a birth, but four have often been known. The Zoological Society are rarely without one or more examples; a fine litter of three was born in the Lion-house in August 1895. c.

"THE BRONTËS: FACT AND FICTION." *

In 1893, Dr. William Wright brought out his romantic stories, "The Brontës in Ireland," amidst a burst of applause from the critics; but two years later controversy began to hum in the air, roused first by Mr. A. M. MacKay's adverse criticism in the *Westminster Review*



MAISON D'EDUCATION
Pour les jeunes Demoiselles,
 Sous la direction
DE MADAME HEGER-PARENT,
 Rue d'Isabelle, 35, à Bruxelles.

Cet établissement est situé dans l'endroit le plus salubre de la ville.
 Le cours d'instruction, basé sur la Religion, comprend essentiellement la Langue Française, l'Histoire, l'Arithmétique, la Géographie, l'Écriture, ainsi que tous les ouvrages à l'usage de la jeunesse.
 La santé des élèves est l'objet d'une surveillance active: les parents peuvent se reposer avec sécurité sur les mesures qui ont été prises à cet égard dans l'établissement.
 Le prix de la pension est de 650 francs, celui de la demi-pension est de 350 francs, payables par trimestres et d'avance. Il n'y a d'autres frais accessoires, que les dépenses des domestiques.
 Il n'est fait aucune déduction pour le temps que les élèves passent chez elles dans le courant de l'année. Le nombre des élèves étant limité, les parents qui désireraient reprendre leurs enfants, sont tenus d'en prévenir la directrice trois mois d'avance.
 Les leçons de musique, de langues étrangères, etc., sont au compte des parents.
 Les costumes des pensionnaires sont uniformes.
 La directrice s'engage à répondre à toutes les demandes qui pourraient lui être adressées par les parents, relativement aux autres détails de son institution.

On trouve chez elle:
 Lit complet, bassin, aiguille et draps de lit.
 Serviettes de table.
 Une malle fermant à clef.
 Un couvert d'argent.
 Un gobelet.

Si les élèves ne sont pas de Bruxelles, on leur fournit un lit garni, moyennant 34 francs par an.

THE PROSPECTUS OF MADAME HEGER'S SCHOOL, 1842.

of October 1895. The controversy sharpened when other writers gave their support to Mr. MacKay's position. Now it has grown to a very pretty quarrel indeed; it is not ended; and it has interest even for others than Brontë students. The *Westminster Review* article has been republished in an altered form, along with another bearing on Charlotte's feelings towards her Brussels professor, M. Heger, in which it is reasserted that the love in her stories is a reflection of personal experience, but that from this experience she only suffered; and that her conduct was throughout respect-worthy. At the present moment the criticism of the Irish traditions is of the more immediate interest.

Mr. MacKay appears not only as the demolisher of these traditions—myths, he calls them—but likewise as the grave reprover of the critics who swallowed all Dr. Wright's romances without pretence of investigation, and of the editors who entrusted the book to "men of facile pens and uncritical minds." He is perfectly justified in his reproof. The reviewers one and all merely showed a voracious appetite for good stories, and the whole credit of bringing these to chronological and other tests is entirely his. Well, some of them have learnt a lesson. One, who owns to former uncritical dithyrambs, has made amends by a pretty thorough re-examination of Dr. Wright's book and of Mr. MacKay's counterblast. The latter will not complain if the increased alertness which has shaken faith in some of the Irish stories also prevents a complete *volte-face* in his favour.

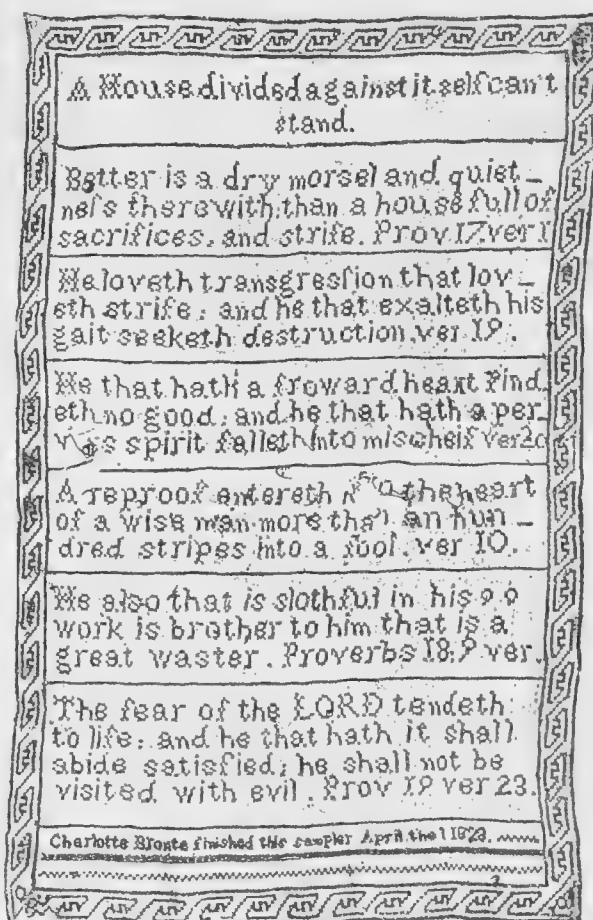
It is hardly necessary to re-tell in detail the famous stories with which Dr. Wright delighted us. Briefly and drily, they amount to this, that a prosperous Brontë home, founded towards the end of the seventeenth century near Drogheda, was broken up by the schemes of a villain called Welsh, a Lascar foundling who rewarded the kindness of the man (Hugh Brontë I.) who had adopted him by robbing him at his death, dispossessing his sons, and seducing his daughter; that one of the dispossessed sons prospered again in the South of Ireland (or somewhere else), had a numerous family, and among them Hugh II.; that the villain returning in a hypocritically repentant mood, little Hugh was given up to him, and never saw his parents again, nor could trace the whereabouts of his old home; that in his wicked uncle's house he was maltreated till his sixteenth year, when he ran away, and, after various adventures, made a romantic elopement with a Catholic beauty, Alice McClory; that he was a man of burning eloquence, with a genius for story-telling; that he brought up a numerous family, the eldest of whom was the Rev. Patrick, the others all being models of strength and grace and marvels of originality; and that one of his sons, Hugh III., when the English nieces had come to fame, went to England to thrash or slay the *Quarterly* reviewer of "Jane Eyre" with his sturdy blackthorn.

Mr. MacKay contends that there is not a word of truth in the whole.

The myths, he thinks, may have been "partly founded upon the tittle-tattle of a few Presbyterian manses in County Down thirty or forty years ago, unwittingly distorted, perhaps, by the lapse of time since," partly encouraged by investigations made by Dr. Wright "with the stories of Emily and Charlotte well in his mind," and partly by his amiable habit of seeing all his geese as swans. Mr. MacKay gives a genealogical and chronological table of the personages of the story; and the result, it must be admitted, comes out queer in such important matters as birth-dates. He has failed to find a jot of evidence of the prosperous home near Drogheda, of the existence of the Lascar foundling (the original of Heathcliff, of course, if we accept Dr. Wright's stories), or of Hugh II.'s adventures, including the runaway marriage, or that Hugh's children were specially remarkable, or that his namesake son ever visited London to be a terror to foul-spoken critics. The testimony of this generation, he says, completely undermines Dr. Wright's position.

Mr. MacKay's attack is vigorous, trenchant, and compels attention. He has a special talent for cross-examination, and a robust mind that is not seduced by mere fine stories. Certain of his challenges must be answered. First, Dr. Wright should tell us more clearly, and I have no doubt he will, what were his relations to the Brontës of the Rev. Patrick's generation. How much did he see of Hugh III., the Avenger? (One gathers that he knew them, but as a child knows grown people, indirectly for the most part.) I do not suppose he can state more definitely who were his informants, or what were their opportunities, than he has done in the second chapter of his book, where he names his old nurse, his tutor, Mr. McAllister, Mr. McKee of Balynaskeagh, and others, all personal acquaintances of the Brontës. But he should, as nearly as possible, fix the dates of his first hearing the stories; because Mr. MacKay's attitude is virtually a denial of this passage in "The Brontës in Ireland" (p. 8): "It thus happened that I wrote screeds of the Brontë novels before a line of them had been penned at Haworth. . . . I read the Brontë novels with the feeling that I had already known what was coming . . . for I had become acquainted with the incidents of old Brontë's career, as well as with most of his stories, real and imaginary."

Then the story of the avenger, Hugh Brontë III., will not stand the test of certain new documentary evidence recently to hand. Hugh may have heard of the *Quarterly* attack from Mr. McKee, and may have come to England with the blackthorn. But the sad circumstances of the family at Haworth in December 1848 would have prevented the reception described as given to him. There is evidence that Charlotte did not see the review till February 1849, and that then she knew Miss Rigby to be the writer; likewise that she kept all knowledge of the attack from her father. If Hugh came, he must have kept his mission a secret, or it cannot have been treated seriously. At Murray's and at Smith, Elder's



SAMPLER WORKED BY CHARLOTTE BRONTË, 1823.

publishing houses in London no traces of him have been found. But this, I must say, is not surprising. What clerk or office-boy would have admitted a rough, blundering Irish peasant, with a brogue and a shillelagh, to the presence of his principals? Well, Hugh told the story at least once to Mr. McKee, says Dr. Wright, though he was very

* "The Brontës: Fact and Fiction." By Angus M. MacKay. London: Service and Paton.

loth ever to speak of it again. He did not tell it to all his own family. Mr. MacKay pronounces it incredible that the Irish Brontës knew of Charlotte's fame at that date, so anxious was she to keep up her incognito, and his position is supported by the fact that no copy of any first edition of the Brontë novels ever went to the Irish Brontës, and that Mr. Brontë sent them a copy of the first edition in one volume some years later.

The one brother of whom we have authentic records, Patrick, *was* remarkable. There is nothing, as Mr. MacKay seems to suggest, in Welsh Brontë keeping a disreputable public-house, or in the fact that they could not understand their nieces' novels, which quarrels with the tradition that they were very extraordinary persons. Literary culture was never claimed for them, though Patrick was not the only verse-writer of the Irish set. All Dr. Wright's geese are swans. Mr. MacKay's are hardly even geese. And the talents of the combatants are as diverse as their temperaments. Mr. MacKay has a sharp eye for evidence. Dr. Wright has not. Dr. Wright is a born gatherer of story and legend, while Mr. MacKay seems to think these useless unless they are true. He demands that these particular ones be proved literally and in detail true; else have they "no interest for Brontë students." Oh, but they have, even if we be driven in the end to this last outpost of belief—that there were two great imaginative liars in the family. Embroidered they have been; there have been piecing of different fabrics together, and filling in of gaps. But they are too good and not neatly coherent enough to be deliberate inventions. They point to the existence of a rich and vital race, which strongly touched the imagination of their neighbours, and that is a thing no mere Browns, Joneses, and Robinsons, or even their Celtic equivalents, have ever been able to do. M.

THE REAL PRINCESS AND THE BUTTERFLY.

There is a real Princess and a real Butterfly after all; their story is not a fantasy of Mr. Pinero's making; it is a drama of solid fact. The Princess was once Miss Clara Ward, of Michigan, who married the Prince de Chimay. The Butterfly is one Rigo, a romantic Romeo (and Romany).

To-day the Chimay-Rigo affair is as full of novelty as when the Court divorced the Princess from her husband. Her course through Hungary and the Riviera was followed eagerly, and since her return to Paris the utmost interest in her movements has been evinced. Her photographs



THE BUTTERFLY (JANCSI RIGO).

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

in an infinite variety of poses and costumes are displayed in every shop-window in Paris where such things are sold, and there is an enormous sale for them.

It was her intention to appear at some variety theatre, but her plans in this direction were frustrated by her former husband, the Prince, who appealed to the Courts to prevent such disgraceful publicity. Her husband has also sought the wife of Rigo and induced her to use her

influence in preventing the elopers from entering any hotel in Paris. At the Hôtel Terminus, where the Princess and her lover stopped upon their arrival in Paris, she was recently arrested in the middle of the night, and obliged to leave. She has since taken a hotel, and is furnishing it, and can now only be addressed through her secretary or agent.

She is frequently seen, however, on the boulevards and in the Bois on her wheel, accompanied by her Gipsy lover, and attired in astonishing



THE PRINCESS—THAT WAS (*née* CLARA WARD).

Photo by Ograu, Paris.

costumes. She usually has a cigarette between her lips, and sometimes rides with low socks, such as men wear, the leg between the sock and her bloomers being bare. The romance of this strange woman has been already told in these pages, but her pedigree has not been touched. Her father, Captain Eber Ward, was accounted the richest and the most illiterate man in the great North-West. In his boyhood he tracked beavers and muskrats on the Great Lakes, lived with the Indians and rough, half-breed lumbermen. He was shrewd and far-seeing, and he acquired riches that soon grew into vast wealth through lumber and land speculations. By his first wife he had six children, of whom one killed himself, another died insane, and a third is in an asylum. By a second marriage Ward had two children, of whom the audacious Clara is one. Old Ward died insane, and his widow, who had her two children educated in Europe, married Alexander Cameron, a Canadian banker. Clara came out at Nice, where, according to one of her luxuriantly adjectived countrywomen, she was "a perfect feast of white, soft beauty, with eyes that roamed everywhere and were restless, full lips like the heart of a pomegranate, and the look of a saint." It was at Nice that the Prince de Caraman-Chimay first came into the story. He saw that she was beautiful, and he heard that she was rich. That was enough. The girl learned that his title was one of the proudest in Belgium, and the wedding took place in Paris on May 20, 1890. It was a grand affair, this uniting of the old muskrat hunter's millions and the arms of Caraman-Chimay. All the great Embassies were represented. The peers of great lands were there, from England and France and Belgium. The proud ladies from the Faubourg St. Germain were many of them in attendance, and no one could question the smartness of it all.

When the honeymoon was over, the proud Court of Belgium opened its arms to the beautiful Princess. But the taint of the old lumberman would have its way, and the scandals she created from the first would not stay hushed, and when the story became openly discussed along the Paris boulevards that the Princess was giving her favour and her purse to a little brown fiddler in the Hungarian Band at Madrid, it wasn't such a tremendous surprise after what had passed before.

NOTE.

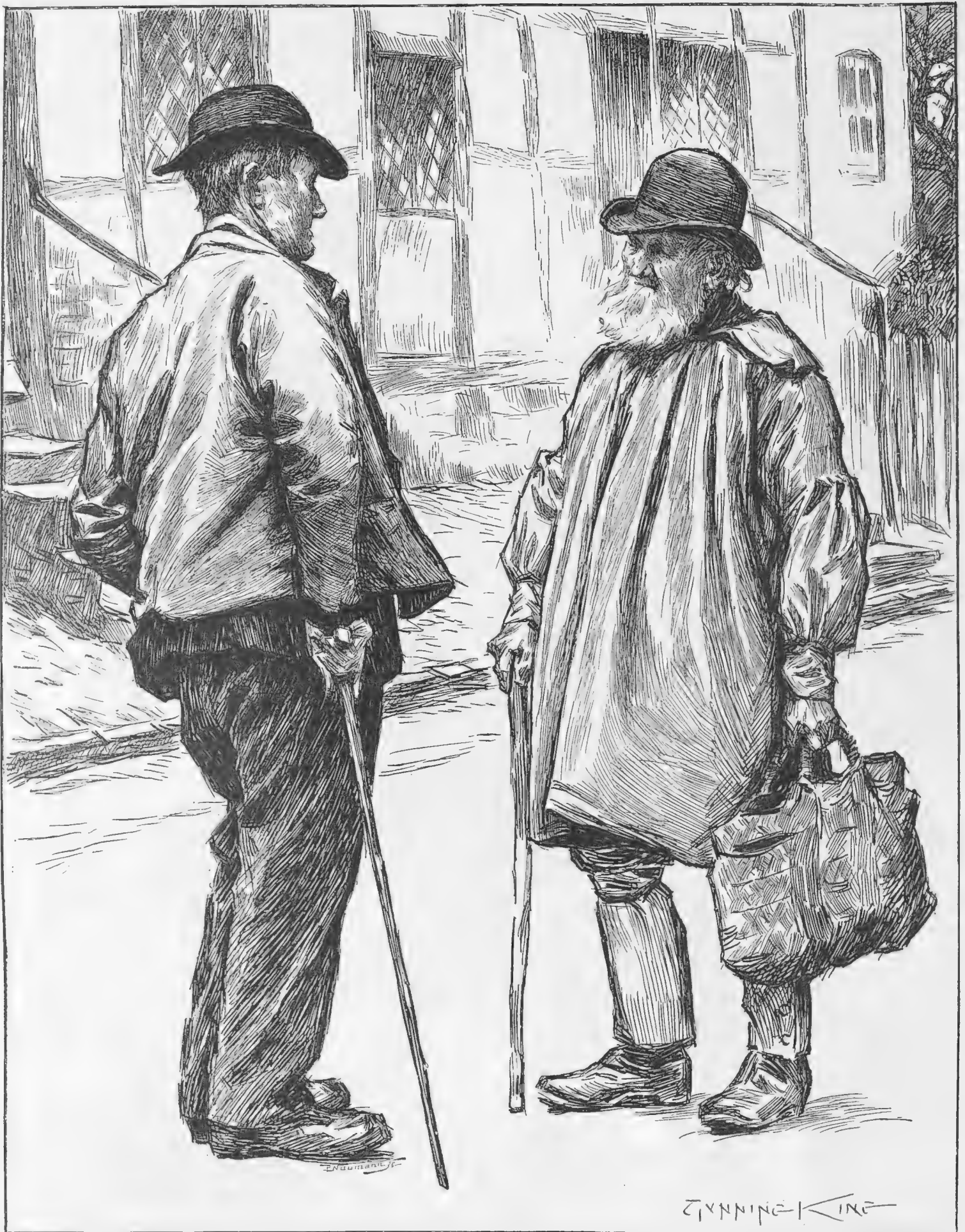
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THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

"Come 'ere, Spot; 'e ain't yer master!"



FIRST COUNTRYMAN : Who be th' gentleman wot 's taken th' Squire's 'ouse, Jim ?
SECOND COUNTRYMAN : 'E beân't no gentleman ; 'e be a lawyer.



"How d'ye get that black eye, mate?"

"'Ad a little argyment with the Missus."

"Looks as if she got the best o' that argyment."

"She didn't!"



THINGS I HAVE NOT SEEN: No. 5,—A DUTCH LANDSCAPE.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THAT INSINUATING OMELET.

BY FREDERICK PALMER.

Professor Hilsdrup tugged at the bell-rope for the second time, and glared more savagely than ever at the beautiful thing in crispy brown and yellow lying between two sprigs of parsley. Such a frown when aimed at such an omelet was unworthy of any fair-minded man. All of Mrs. Hodgson's omelets were wonderful, and this was one of her best. It looked so light as to enjoin haste in eating it, lest a little draught should take it out of the open window into the garden as easily as if it were a thistle-blow; so appetising as to pardon beforehand the breach of good manners in crying aloud for more as soon as one had finished it. But the Professor regarded it as an enemy which had treacherously stolen into his presence with murderous intent. One aggravation after another had followed since he began the day an hour ago with the headache which promised a bilious attack in the near future.

When he had taken Mrs. Hodgson's drawing-room floor, with a sitting-room looking out on a delightful little garden and the bare walls of the British Museum, some three months before, just as the winter was breaking, and settled down to work on his "Isaac Newton and his Compeers," such an omelet had come up in the company of a well-loaded fruit-stand for his first breakfast. As he pushed his chair back from the plate with only a faint trace of yellow left on it, he determined to have that omelet's counterpart every morning. He had it, and enjoyed it with the leisurely taste that enriches life for a man of fifty-four, until a friend, who introduced him to mutton-pie luncheons in the British Museum restaurant, assured him that eggs were the making of biliousness.

In truth, between mutton-pies and hard work, the Professor's stomach was quite out of order. He imagined it to be worse than it was, thus making it worse than it otherwise would have been, and blamed all to the omelet. To send up an omelet after he had ordered a mutton-chop appeared to him on this particular morning as downright mutiny. Mrs. Hodgson was getting him altogether too much in her power. He tugged at the bell and scowled, and determined to have an "understanding" at once.

"Good morning, Professor!" It was Mrs. Hodgson herself who had entered.

"Don't you know," he growled, "that I am of a bilious temperament, and omelets are not good for me?"

"One of my omelets?" she asked doubtfully. She had never seen the Professor in such a mood before. She was at once indignant and chagrined.

"All omelets are alike, Madam!"

"Mine are no better than anybody else's?"

"Madam," continued the Professor in a cold, hard voice; "I told Harriet last night that I most especially wanted a mutton-chop for breakfast."

"Then—I ate it!"

"You ate it!"

"Yes—I didn't know. Harriet didn't say anything to me about it. I supposed you would have an omelet as you always had."

"Always! Always! For three months! It's a wonder that I have anything in my body except a liver!" He tried to annihilate the omelet with one glance and Mrs. Hodgson with another.

"When I saw only one chop in the larder," said Mrs. Hodgson, her natural snap and dignity returning, "I supposed it was for me, of course, as I usually have a mutton-chop for breakfast."

"Ah! You don't eat your own omelets."

"You don't eat your own manuscripts!" she replied with asperity. "If you will wait only a few minutes, I will send out for a chop," she added more pleasantly.

"No," said the Professor, sitting down at the table with the air of a martyr. "No. I am a busy man, Mrs. Hodgson. I will eat this now that it is here. And, Mrs. Hodgson, I wish you would not arrange my papers on my desk any more. Don't touch my desk. You can throw away anything you find on the floor."

"But, sir, you showed me how to arrange them when you first came, and you said I did it so nicely and saved you a lot of trouble."

This was too much. The Professor felt that his dignity was at stake.

"Mrs. Hodgson," he thundered, "I shall leave when my week is up!"

She tossed her head and said "Very well," with aggravating sweetness. The Professor settled down to his breakfast, muttering something about "impudent women." Once out in the hall, Mrs. Hodgson stamped her foot and exclaimed, "The old fool!"

That omelet tasted uncommonly well, as if to tantalise him. He ate it all, even to the last fragment, which tantalised him still further. Then he went over to his desk to write. His pen, his paper, his note-book were where Mrs. Hodgson had placed them, which was just where they ought to be. This also was most tantalising. Yet he found himself, a few minutes later, carrying his overcoat downstairs on his arm as usual, and harbouring a faint notion that he ought to forgive Mrs. Hodgson. She was pruning the flowers on the stand in the hall, and Harriet was near her, receiving some orders.

"Mrs. Hodgson, would you—ah——?" he asked politely.

"Harriet," said Mrs. Hodgson, as she continued to snip off dead leaves, "help the gentleman on with his overcoat."

As he went out, the Professor slammed the door so hard as fairly to make the flower-pots tremble, but Mrs. Hodgson only smiled. She had recovered her dignity and her faith in her art, despite sour criticism. The Professor determined never to forgive her now. To prove it he ate voraciously of the Museum mutton-pie for luncheon. The result was indigestion, which he attributed to the omelet.

He was rudely awakened next morning by Harriet, who was sweeping and dusting in his sitting-room. Heretofore, Mrs. Hodgson had made it a point to attend to this herself, doing it so quietly that the Professor was never disturbed. However, he had his chop for breakfast, and everything else, even to the overcoat lying on the chair where he had thrown it the night before, was as he had ordered.

After ransacking the drawers of his desk and pawing over the disordered papers on top of it in a vain search for his note-book, which contained the fruits of three months' researches, he was anything but reassured by a hazy recollection of having nodded over it and having carelessly laid it on the chair at his side. This had happened before; but he had always found the note-book on his desk in the morning.

"Did you see a book on the floor?" he cried to Harriet, when she had answered the fierce ringing of the bell.

"You—you said hanything on the floor——"

"Find it! Find it!" he thundered. "Don't dare to come back without it!"

Poor Harriet's face burned as she went downstairs, for she knew, if the Professor didn't, that the refuse-waggon had called some fifteen minutes ago. The Professor paced up and down, with anger in his heart against Mrs. Hodgson and her omelets, until there was a soft knock at the door, which he recognised as Mrs. Hodgson's. He presumed she had come to apologise for what she would doubtless call "an unfortunate accident." He would let her know in plain terms that hers was the worst-conducted house in London.

"Come in!" he roared.

"Your book, Professor," she said, holding it out to him. "Though Harriet had found it on the floor, I picked it out of the rubbish, thinking I could do no harm, anyway."

"Er—ah! Thank you."

"And I have let the room for Saturday," she went on in a voice which he thought was assumed to annoy him.

"Er—ah! Very well."

His friend observed that the Museum mutton-pie on that day was especially good. The Professor ate heartily of it, but was soon feeling so badly that he concluded to devote the remainder of the afternoon to searching for rooms. After climbing the stairs of seven different houses, he began to speculate upon how in the world landladies were able to let such miserable, ill-kept apartments to anybody. At one place, in a moment of absent-mindedness, he actually asked if the cook could make good omelets. When the landlady said "Yes," he told her abruptly that he wouldn't think of taking her rooms. It was on his tongue's end to add that the making of omelets was not an art to be spoken of lightly, when he remembered that this was the very expression Mrs. Hodgson had once used. He determined never to utter the word "omelet" again. Weary and cross, he returned to his rooms. In the morning, noisy Harriet robbed him of his sleep, and he went into his sitting-room to face a chop and a disordered desk again.

"Shall we have our customary mutton-pie?" the tempter asked him at one o'clock.

"I—I have an engagement to-day," was the reply.

The engagement turned out to be in a little restaurant on Great Russell Street, and, before he realised it, the yearning of his stomach had put a request for an omelet into words. A flat creation, with no individuality whatsoever, overdone on one side and underdone on the other, was placed before him.

"Don't you know," he exclaimed fretfully to the waitress, "that an omelet is a work of art, not to be——?" Here he stopped abruptly. "But I will eat—the thing," he added.

On Saturday morning, when he went out to his chop and disordered desk, two strange trunks in the corner of the sitting-room reminded him that he had not yet engaged another lodging. Mrs. Hodgson came in. She hoped that his luggage was packed, as the other gentleman was coming in an hour. The Professor did not reply. Twice he lifted his cup of tea and set it down without drinking.

"Then I may take it that you are ready?" she asked.

"No. As a matter of fact, I've been so busy that I haven't had time to look about much for a place. If you have a small room that I could have only for a week, it would"—he spoke with great reserve—"be in the nature—ah—of an accommodation."

It happened by mere chance, as Mrs. Hodgson was careful to explain, that this was possible. Harriet was sent to help him carry up his belongings. When the wreckage left by the wayside had been collected and everything he possessed was piled helter-skelter in the little room on the third floor, the Professor concluded that he would make no attempt to put things to rights for so short a stay.

He heard a cab draw up in front of the house. The new lodger must have come. Prompted by a curiosity possibly inconsistent with the

dignity of the author of "Isaac Newton and His Compeers," he went to the window. He stepped back in surprise. None other than his mutton-pie friend was to be his successor in the drawing-room floor. His misery was increased the following morning when he saw Harriet taking one of Mrs. Hodgson's works of art in to the one who had sworn that omelets were the enemies of mankind.

He now fairly hated chops, and condescended to ask Harriet for an omelet for breakfast. She brought him one—of her own making. He was on the point of telling her of something that was not to be spoken of lightly, but he sighed instead. A work of art was not to be expected from Harriet.

He did not go to the Museum, and strategically contrived to avoid a meeting with the base interloper all the week. But, once, he had a very narrow escape. He had to wait at the head of the stairs while he saw Mrs. Hodgson help the interloper on with his overcoat—convincing proof that a man who ate mutton-pies would stop at nothing. Though he became the terror of the landladies of Bloomsbury, Saturday found him with strange trunks in his disordered little room, and still with no apartment engaged. It also found him meek as well as miserable.

He went downstairs and knocked on the door of Mrs. Hodgson's little room on the ground floor. There was no answer. Harriet came up from the kitchen to say that Missus was making the other gentleman's omelet. She opened the door and offered him a chair. He waited in vexation, longing for revenge, longing to show up the mutton-pie interloper, who secretly adored omelets, in his true colours. Finally, Mrs. Hodgson entered, flushed with the successful outcome of a work of art.

"Really, Mrs. Hodgson," said the Professor affably, "I have been so busy, and to get a room requires a deal of looking about, doesn't it?"

She did not say whether it did or not.

"If it would not be too much trouble—would you accommodate me again?"

"I haven't a room left."

"I'm—I'm sorry."

"There are the hotels, Professor."

"Mrs. Hodgson—Mrs. Hodgson!" he burst out tragically, "will you not go on making omelets for me for ever?"

After a little blushing and parrying, she said that she would, and put the seal on her acceptance by immediately giving the base interloper a week's notice.

THE IRISH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Photographs by Chancellor, Dublin.

Ireland has again reasserted herself as the Land of Song. Dublin has just been holding the first Feis Ceoil (Faysh Keeóle), or musical festival, of modern times. All day long streams of musicians and music-lovers flowed in the brilliant sunshine, through blooming



A TYPICAL HARPIST.

gardens and parks, to and from the Feis Competition Rooms in Molesworth Street and the great halls at the Royal Irish University and at Ball's Bridge. Now came a bevy of bright-eyed, bright-complexioned Cork girls, their voices as they chatted ringing up and down the gamut

as only Cork and Kerry voices do. These were followed by a broad-chested, stern-featured choir of Newry working-men, sturdy of step and slow and heavy of speech. After them sauntered a party of upper-class Dubliners, eagerly discussing the events in their distinct, distinguished,



A LADY HARPIST.

slightly nasal accent, while beside them, down the roadway, a mechanics' band marched up at a quick step from one of the suburbs, their newly polished instruments glittering in the sun.

When a few enthusiasts mooted the idea of the Feis a couple of years ago, its successful organisation was pronounced an impossibility. The leading Irish musicians, it was said, had little knowledge of the old Irish music, and less inclination for its study. No professionals worth their salt could sing in Irish, or would ever take the trouble to learn to do so. Belfast choirs and singers would never dream of going up to a musical festival in Dublin, and no composer careful of his reputation would venture to commit one of his works to the tender mercies of a Dublin orchestra. Hallé's band must be imported if such a work were to be produced in the Irish capital at all.

The event has strangely falsified all these predictions. The leading musicians resident in Ireland, including two Englishmen, an Italian, and a German, have applied themselves closely to the study and presentation of Irish music, while two of them, Dr. Culwick and Signor Esposito, have produced compositions for the Feis in Irish modes and with Irish colour. Irish professional singers have not only learnt to sing in Gaelic, but have proved it to be a more singable language than English. The Belfast choirs and singers have come up to Dublin, and a work of first-class importance, Signor Esposito's cantata of "Deirdre," with a fine libretto by Mr. T. W. Rolleston, has been produced by a Dublin choir and orchestra with brilliant success, before an exceptionally critical audience. Indeed, had the Feis done nothing more than bring forward this striking work, it would, in the opinion of one of the most competent critics in the three kingdoms, have thereby justified its revival.

It has done much more. It has, in the course of special competitions, arranged on the lines of the Welsh Eisteddfod, revealed the existence of individual vocal and instrumental talent of an unexpectedly high order, while North and South, fighting hard for the choir and band prizes, have risen to the occasion, and surprised their best friends. Moreover, the extremely active, representative, and scholarly Feis Committee have, by the presentation, in historic order, of Irish music, ancient, mediæval, and modern, skilfully exhibited its gradual development under native and foreign influences. At the Feis Concerts the old unadorned gems were given due prominence vocally and upon the harp and pipes, a specially fine example of this ancient music being the rendering of the noble Ulster Goll, or Lamentation, by Mrs. Scarff Goodman, supported by a band of harps and a choir of female voices. Irish mediæval folk-music, illustrative of the increasing resources of the harp, had fine vocal exponents in Mrs. Scott-Ffennell, Miss Rose-Byrne, and Mr. Charles Kelly, a popular piper in Mr. Garoghan, and a harper with a good technical equipment in Mr. Owen Lloyd.

But it is for the adequate production of modern music of a high and varied order of excellence that the greatest credit is due to the Feis Committee, to Dr. Joseph Smith, the clever and painstaking conductor of the Festival Orchestra and Choir; and to the solo singers and players engaged.

Selections were thus given from the long-neglected or too-little-known works of Irish composers, such as the scena from Rooke's "Amalie," the very graceful pianoforte concerto of John Field, the inspirer of Chopin's nocturnes, and Augusta Holmes's symphonic poem, "Ireland," characterised by M. Adolphe Jullien in "Grove's Dictionary" as "a creation of great worth; evincing by turns a charming tenderness, ardent passion, and masculine spirit." To these successful items may be added the artistic part-singing of the Earl of Mornington's "Here in Cool Grot," Tom Cooke's "Hohenlinden," and Charles Wood's "Full Fathom



COVER OF THE FESTIVAL PROGRAMME.

Five," Mr. Melfort d'Alton's charming rendering of Roche's "I Watch for Thee in Starless Night," Madame Marie Duma's dramatic treatment of songs by Joseph Robinson, Vincent Wallace, and Mrs. William Beckett, and Mr. William Ludwig's stirring troling of Dr Stanford's cavalier songs.

But undoubtedly the musical surprise of the Feis was Signor Esposito's prize cantata "Deirdre," a most melodious work, compact in construction, full of fire, tenderness, and melancholy, and alike admirable for its vocal and orchestral skill.

The principals, Madame Duma (Deirdre), Mr. Iver McKay (Naisi), and Mr. Ludwig (Fergus), threw themselves into their striking parts with immense spirit, and the choir and orchestra, under the composer's magnetic bâton, sang and played with an abandon that roused the great audience to a fever of enthusiasm.

The Feis came to a conclusion at Ball's Bridge by the final contests of bands, band-soloists, and Irish pipers. Seven of the latter came up from the four corners of Ireland, and their playing was certainly one of the most interesting features of the Feis. They all played upon the Irish Union pipes with great dexterity and spirit, but most interesting were the performance and appearance of Torlough MacSweeney, Denis Delaney, and John Cash, the Donegal, Galway, and Wicklow pipers. Delaney's pipes literally sang and whistled like a blackbird, and it was a sight to watch his audience, young and old, as he played—reminiscent tears and smiles upon old faces, while boys and girls who had never heard the old pipe-music before sat in open-eyed amazement at the audacious antics of the blind old man's bellows and chanter.

An interesting feature of the contest was the playing of the airs into the phonograph. Delaney and Cash were afterwards given a hearing of their own playing. Blind Delaney listened to his with rapt attention, smiling occasionally and waiting with open mouth for the closing bar, when his teeth shut with a snap. "Well," said he, "I thought God Almighty made everything; but this is something he

Some find his Othello superb, and others see little of importance in it. Whether he be the true Othello or no, the student of acting and lover of Shakspeare cannot pass by this earnest, sound, handsome presentation of the colossal play; and, whatever he may think of the Moor, must find Miss Jeffries a charming Desdemona, Mr. M'Leay an interesting, artistic, if slightly colourless Iago, Miss Frances Ivor an excellent Emilia, and Mr. Percival a picturesque, elderly Cassio.

Although the Independent Theatre Society has given Shakspeare a turn, some of its many enemies contrive to find fault with its policy. It is a case, I think, of "give a dog a bad name." Perhaps the "Antony and Cleopatra" hardly maintained the tradition of the society, which is to surprise the world with admirable acting by the comparatively unknown. Yet the performance of the formless play was decidedly good, and much was most meritorious. Any work by Miss Janet Aclurch is sure to be interesting; her Cleopatra perhaps was hardly the sensual, passionate Oriental that one imagines, but in the strange Northern creature that she presented was no little interest, and the technical skill of her work was amazing. There is one thing that always strikes me in her acting. I often fancy that she is wrong in one scene or another, yet know that if she err it is not by accident or failure of means, but wilfully and through misconception. Mr. Louis Calvert's vigorous, able, but somewhat unpoetic Antony hardly seemed the lover for such a Cleopatra. Miss Margaret Halstan was charming as Octavia, and Mr. Kendrick made an excellent Cæsar.

"The Merchant of Venice" revival gave me great pleasure. There may be no star in Mr. Ben Greet's company, but everything was well done, and most of the company excellent. Miss Lily Hanbury's Portia is quite a delightful creature—a little too serious, perhaps, and over-elocutionary in giving the "gems," but graceful and intelligent, with little trace of artificiality. Mr. Nutcombe Gould, the most picturesque Shylock I ever saw, missed greatness, but reached and held a high degree of merit, and played in excellent style. Mr. Kendrick, a young actor of great promise, pleased everyone as Bassanio. The Prince of Morocco was exceedingly well played by Mr. Calvert.

On Friday, May 21, an interesting, if hardly a great, performance of "Manon" was given at Covent Garden. It was hoped that M. Van Dyck would be able to take the part of the Chevalier des Grieux, but at the last moment he was prevented by severe indisposition, and the part was taken with quite average success by M. Bonnard, who is a very valuable understudy in innumerable parts. Really, if he continues to walk in these paths for a certain number of years, there is no reason why he should not develop into a gentleman Bauermeister, the universally acknowledged kaleidoscope of opera. The part of the Comte des Grieux was taken by M. Plançon, who was statelier than ever, and sang, of course, splendidly. Madame Saville's Manon was clever and attractive, but, perhaps wanting a little in flexibility, she blurred somewhat the peculiar artificial charm and softness which belong to Massenet's music. M. Flon conducted very deliberately and quite satisfactorily. The following night, Saturday, witnessed the first unclouded triumph for Covent Garden this season, when MM. Jean and Edouard de Reszke



R. THOMPSON, CORK.
FIRST PRIZE WINNER.



TORLOUGH MACSWEENEY.
SECOND PRIZE WINNER.



ROBERT ROWSOME, WEXFORD.
THIRD PRIZE WINNER.

Photographs by Chancellor, Dublin.

couldn't make." The second air then came on. "That's your reel, Denny," said Cash to Delaney. "Glory to God!" replied the blind man; "sure, I never played it as well as that! But if I did, I ought to pass."

THE THEATRES AND THE OPERA.

Though the Lyceum in this year of grace does not put forward Shakspeare as a Jubilee attraction, the sojourner in the little city has fair opportunity of seeing the works of our great dramatist. Three different plays in a space of five days seems enough for anybody. The "Othello," which came first and presumably is of the most importance, raises the usual discussion as to Mr. Wilson Barrett's powers as pure tragedian.

returned to London and played in the German of "Lohengrin." M. Jean de Reszke, of course, taking the title-rôle, and M. Edouard de Reszke, the part of Heinrich der Vogler. Madame Emma Eames took the character of Elisabeth, Miss Marie Brema that of Ortrud, Mr. David Bispham that of Telramund, and Mr. Lemprière Pringle that of the herald. Take it all in all, no better performance has probably been seen at Covent Garden. M. Jean de Reszke, admirable artist that he is, sang and acted Lohengrin with the most perfect art. Miss Brema was a splendid Ortrud, singing and acting with grand significance, and Madame Eames was quite charming as Elsa. Mr. Bispham, as Telramund, was as fine as ever he has been in this part. M. Edouard de Reszke, of course, had not yet got his chance for the present in the part of the King, and it must be added that M. Seidl's conducting was amazingly good.

A FAR-TRAVELLED DOG.

The quick-change boom goes on merrily, and now Mr. Henry Lee, who made a hit at the Palace Theatre some two years ago, is coming back. Since he was last in London he has had some exciting experiences in different parts of the world, whither he went accompanied by his magnificent dog Tyras, one of the finest-bred Danish boarhounds living. In South Africa Mr. Lee fell in with Barney Barnato and his millionaire friends, and was about to become independent of the quick-change business when the Jameson raid broke up his prospects. Mr. Lee was in Johannesburg during the raid, and his impersonation of Kruger was greatly to the liking of those who knew him. The actor was on his way to London to fulfil another engagement at the Palace when he met with an accident on board ship, which kept him in bed for nine months, with three big surgical operations thrown in. It was only the iron constitution of the man which pulled him through, and on recovering he went to Australia to regain strength. There he played for three months, and the Australians were greatly taken with his impersonations. He will be back in London in the course of a few weeks.

The handsome hound which is his constant companion holds a fair record among travelled dogs. He measures 6 ft. 6 in. from tip to tip,



MR. HENRY LEE AND HIS DANISH BOARHOUND, TYRAS.

Photo by Marceau, San Francisco.

and weighs ten stone. This is mentioned to make more remarkable the statement that he has always slept in the same room, cabin, and railway-carriage with his master in a tour of some fifty thousand miles all over England, Europe, South Africa, the Transvaal, Australia, New Zealand, Samoa, the Sandwich Islands, and America. He has smashed up furniture when left to himself in a hotel at Boulogne; he has occupied a first-class carriage to himself in Germany; he has tramped through Bulgaria and Austria in the snow with his master; he has been smuggled through the Transvaal contrary to all laws; he has been given special hotel quarantine in Sydney and Melbourne instead of being consigned to the isolated quarantine island; and he has travelled in a first-class Pullman sleeping-car right across the American Continent, a privilege never previously allowed to another dog. Why, even Fitzsimmons, the champion pugilist of the world, who crossed America about the same time as Mr. Lee, with a dog of similar breed, was not granted the concession. His animal had to be consigned to the cold baggage-car during the five dreary days occupied in crossing. It was no compliment to Mr. Lee to have crowds at every American station mistake him for the pugilist, and to receive congratulations from hard-faced strangers on a victory which he hadn't achieved. It was all the fault of the dog. The people saw it, said "That's Fitz's dog," and forthwith proceeded to shake Mr. Lee by the hand, saying, "Allow me the honour of shaking hands with you, Mr. Fitzsimmons." This was kept up for five days, and even in New York Mr. Lee was followed for weeks by admiring, but mistaken crowds, who would not be convinced that Mr. Lee was none other than Mr. Lee.

WHERE TO GO AT WHITSUN.

The Whitsun recess is on us, and the railway companies are meeting it in the usual way. The Brighton and South Coast Company will extend the special cheap week-end tickets issued on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, to the seaside, up to and including Wednesday. Special Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Wednesday Tickets will also be issued from London to Dieppe. To Caen, for Normandy and Brittany, special cheap tickets will be issued to-day, Friday, and Saturday, available for return on the following Monday, Wednesday, or Friday. On Saturday a fourteen-day excursion to Paris by the picturesque route through the charming scenery of Normandy, to the terminus near the Madeleine, *via* Dieppe and Rouen, will be run from London by the special day express service, and also by the fixed night express service to-morrow, and on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. On Whit-Sunday and Monday day trips at greatly reduced excursion fares will be run from London to Brighton, the Isle of Wight, Eastbourne, and Hastings.

The South-Eastern Railway Company announce cheap excursions on Whit-Sunday and Whit-Monday to Tunbridge Wells, Hastings, &c. Cheap excursions to Aldershot will be run on Whit-Sunday and Whit-Monday. Special trains will run to Hayes, Blackheath, &c. The cheap Friday, Saturday, or Sunday to Monday tickets to the seaside, issued on June 4, 5, or 6, will be available for the return journey on Wednesday. The Continental services will be as usual. Tickets available to return by certain trains on 8th, 10th, 15th, or 17th day, are issued on Saturday, and every Saturday during the season, to Hastings and St. Leonards, leaving Charing Cross at 9.22 a.m. and 12.40 p.m.; also to Hythe and Sandgate every Saturday.

The London and South-Western Railway will run special extra trains on Friday and Saturday for Christchurch and Bournemouth, and on Saturday for Camelford, Barnstaple, Ilfracombe, &c. Special trip will run from London to St. Malo on Friday, to Havre on Friday and Saturday, to Cherbourg, Guernsey, and Jersey on Saturday, available to return on certain days. Cheap excursions will leave on Saturday for Plymouth, South and North Devon, &c.; four-days' excursion at 11.55 a.m. to Petersfield, Portsmouth, &c. On Whit-Monday, at 6.30 a.m., special trip for Seaton, Sidmouth, and Exmouth; Portsmouth, Southampton (trips round the Isle of Wight in connection).

The Great Western Railway Company announce excursions to-morrow to Cork and Killarney, and on Friday to Cardiff, Newport, Swansea, New Milford, Waterford, Killarney, Belfast, Armagh, Larne, Giant's Causeway, and other stations in South Wales and Ireland. A fast excursion train for the West of England will leave Paddington on Saturday, reaching Exeter in five hours and a-half and Plymouth in seven hours and a-half, and excursions will also be run to Bath, Bristol, Lynton, Lynmouth, Dorchester, &c. Return tickets at 24s. 6d. will also be issued to Guernsey and Jersey. On Whit-Sunday a cheap train will run to Swindon, Cirencester, Stroud, &c.

The Great Northern Railway Company announce that on Friday night a cheap excursion will leave London for Northallerton, Darlington, Richmond, Durham, Newcastle, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Helensburgh, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Oban, Fort William, Montrose, Aberdeen, Keith, Buckie, Fraserburgh, Ballater, Inverness, and other stations in Scotland, returning on Tuesday or Saturday. Tickets at a single fare for the double journey will also be issued by above excursion to places named, available for return by one fixed train on any day within sixteen days, including days of issue and return. On Saturday cheap excursions will also be run for three, six, or eight days to York, Keighley, &c.

The Midland Railway will run cheap excursion trains to Dublin, Cork, Killarney, &c., for sixteen days, *via* Liverpool and *via* Morecambe; also to Belfast, Londonderry, and Portrush for Giant's Causeway, *via* Barrow, *via* Stranraer and Larne, and *via* Liverpool, on Friday; and to Londonderry, *via* Liverpool or *via* Morecambe, on Saturday, to return within sixteen days as per bill of sailing; to Leicester, Nottingham, Carlisle, &c., on Saturday, returning the following Monday, Thursday, or Saturday; and to Isle of Man for ten days; to Scotland on Friday night, returning the following Tuesday or Saturday, by which third class return tickets at a single ordinary fare for the double journey will also be issued, available for returning on any day within sixteen days.

For the convenience of visitors to Brussels Exhibition, cheap tickets, available for a week, will be issued *via* Harwich and Antwerp. The Great Eastern Railway Company's Brussels service has been accelerated, and passengers leaving London in the evening and the North and Midlands in the afternoon reach Brussels next morning, after a comfortable night's rest on board the steamer. The fast passenger-steamers *Peregrine* and *Seamew* will leave Harwich to-day and on Saturday for Hamburg, returning Sunday and Wednesday.

A great acceleration has taken place in the Zeeland Steamship Company's service to the Continent, *via* Queenboro' and Flushing. Through carriages run from and to Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham, to and from Queenboro' Pier. (Liverpool, dep. 4.5 p.m.; Manchester, dep. 4.15 p.m.; Birmingham, dep. 5.45 p.m.) Berlin is reached at 7 p.m. (M.E.T.), instead of 8.28 p.m. Arrival in London by day service is 7.15 p.m.; instead of 9.5 p.m.

During the summer season, to Oct. 31, 1897, the luggage of tourist passengers travelling by the London and North-Western Railway to Buxton, Blackpool, Morecambe, and tourist resorts in North Wales and the Lake District, will, on application, be collected from hotels, residences, &c., within the usual parcels boundary, and delivered at residences within the limit of free delivery by the company's carts. The only charge for the service will be one shilling per package prepaid.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

It is only right and natural that Lord Rosebery should be one of the Stewards of the Epsom Meeting, just as Lord March joins the Stewards of the Jockey Club in the conduct of the Goodwood Meeting, and the Master of the Buckhounds for the time being does the same at Ascot. It is, however, a somewhat remarkable fact that, whereas Lord Rosebery keeps up a large racing stud, Lord March has no horses in training, and Lord Coventry owns one or two jumpers only. True, the latter was at one time of day a big supporter of the Turf, and he is now very fond of attending meetings.

The Derby looks a gift for Galtee More, and Chelandry ought to win the Oaks if saved for that race. I am told that the good people of North Wiltshire are to have high jinks if Darling's colt does win the Blue Ribbon of the Turf. It is a feather in the cap of Wood to get the mount on such a smasher, and I am glad to notice that the popular jockey retains the art of properly handling young horses. Wood may not be quite so quick out of the slips as he was ten years ago, but he rides with the same perfect judgment as of yore, and he is a bad one to beat at a tight finish.

After Epsom comes Windsor. It is somewhat remarkable that the meeting held in the vicinity of the Castle does not attract more of the Upper Ten. The meeting might be vastly improved if a fine Club Stand and Enclosure were made, as I am confident those who now favour Sandown and Kempton would patronise Windsor if the place was made more attractive. The Messrs. Frael have displayed plenty of enterprise in the management of the Manchester meeting, where big prizes attract the best handicap performers in England. Why not run Windsor on the same lines?

The late Chairman of the Hamilton Park Race Company, Mr. Hugh Patrickson, J.P., used to be a journalist, but his elevation in rank did not develop in him any snobbishness towards members of his old craft, and there were none he was readier to help than gentlemen of the Press seeking information. A quarter of a century ago he was sporting editor of the *Newcastle Journal*, and many a brilliant article appeared from his pen over the signature "Lanercost." In 1880 he retired to his patrimony, Kirklington Park, outside Carlisle, since which time he has served his county in many prominent offices, among others the bench. He had more to do with developing steeplechasing at Hamilton Park than any other man, and he saw results that justified his efforts.

Salisbury Races have an uninterrupted record from the days of Henry VIII., and were probably in existence even before that time. There is, too, a history attaching to the City Bowl. In the reign of

Queen Elizabeth a good old sportsman died and bequeathed a sum of money to the race fund for the endowment of a race. That sum now produces eighteen pounds a-year, which is paid over to the race committee with due ceremony by the Mayor's officer every year, and goes towards the added money to the Bowl. The value of the race used only to be eighteen pounds, but to comply with the rules of racing it has now to be a hundred pounds. Not many such small-endowed races can be traced to such a queer conception.



BEFORE THE RACE.

Photo by the Standard Photographic Company.

It is just on the cards that the big races to be decided in France within the next few days will be won by English horses, as Vesuvian has had a special preparation for the Grand Prix, and it is said Gentle Ida cannot lose the Auteuil Steeplechase, if started. The mare is said to be 14 lb. better than Manifesto, which is good enough to win anything. I think Soliman has a chance for the Hurdle-race, although the North Country sportsmen are going for Posterity, a very useful horse over hurdles. Hawkwood, too, may run well.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

They say that women have no pluck! I maintain that the best of them are the pluckiest of God's creatures that ever crawled over the earth's crust. If the ladies who have been pegging on their bicycles round and round the Royal Aquarium during the last nine week-days, and will continue their wild career until next Saturday afternoon, have not pluck, tell me, my playful reader, who has? Depend upon it, very few "visitors to London" have visited the Aquarium during these last two weeks merely to see the fish. They may casually have cast a hasty



EPSOM STAND, SHOWING TATTENHAM CORNER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CLARENCE HAILEY, NEWMARKET.

glance at some more than ordinarily queer fish, but by far the greater number went there expressly to witness the really splendid riding of Middle. Beany of the flashing eye and her fair companions. And certainly these ladies are well worth watching. The Great Twelve Days Ladies' International Bicycle Race will end on Saturday next.

The editor of the "Wheelist Annual" writes—

With regard to your remarks that Mr. Robert Barr's story, "The Bicycle Ride at Perilous Gulch," would be a capital tale were the hero's feat not an impossible one to perform under the circumstances, I beg to state that there are two or three riders in the United States who have ridden a bicycle on a rail. If

provided that the machine does not skid upon a jelly-fish or any such slippery customer. So, at least, I gather from an American journal, which contains also a portrait of the gentleman forcing the running under water, regardless of shoals of startled flat-fish and peevish sea-slugs.

I hear that the picturesque Mr. Le Gallienne may be seen cycling in black satin knee-breeches, with silk stockings, a collar of soft lace taking the place of the more usual starched linen. Mr. Le Gallienne desires, doubtless, to set the fashion in artistic dress, but with what success he will do so remains to be seen. If he would do something to relieve the monotony of the "customary suits of solemn black" which fashion has decreed shall be the only adornment of the inferior sex at such times as the ladies don their gayest attire, we might wish him well. But I cannot quite bring myself to regard silk and satin and lace as suitable fabrics for the cycling attire of the mere male. There is no accounting for taste in cycling-costumes. I have noticed within the last few weeks ladies riding in large Rubens hats covered with feathers and flowers, and even muslin skirts, frilled and flounced, which struck me as peculiarly out of character on a wheel. I saw an exceedingly pretty cycling-costume the other day in Battersea, which I must describe for the benefit of my fair readers, for it is always difficult to contrive a useful cycling-dress, suitable also to wear when visiting. The lady that I noticed wore a divine little bolero, formed alternately of tiny capes of white cloth and dark-red and white check tweed; underneath the bolero was a vest of white cloth braided in dark red, which was very effective, and the culotte-jupe was made of the check material matching the tweed in the capes of the bolero. With this costume was worn a dark-red straw hat trimmed with a band of red velvet, which was twisted effectively up at the side so as to form an aigrette, with a bunch of white quills. This gown was evidently designed in Paris, and it was most becoming to the wearer.

Among the many publications directly and indirectly dealing with the subject of cycling that have lately come to hand may be mentioned "Mesdames les Cyclistes," otherwise the "Album Mars," which comes from Paris. It contains a collection of pen-and-ink sketches, by the well-known artist "Mars," of Frenchwomen in cycling-costumes. It is published by the Librairie Plon.

The King of the Belgians, who has again been favouring London with a visit, has now become an energetic cyclist. He has always been a great walker, and his stature made him as conspicuous as Saul among the people; but it is said that now he is more often seen awheel than afoot.

The Duke of Connaught's cyclists' parade at Aldershot last week was very brilliant. There were some three or four hundred cyclists of all ranks. On the right were cavalymen, wearing the distinctive service-caps of their regiments, serge jackets, breeches, and putties; next were the Engineers, a bright row of scarlet-coated warriors; and farther down the line were Highlandmen, with knickerbockers of the regimental tartan, and officers and men in the neat black kit of the Rifle Brigade. In the front rank were officers, from the grizzled old general down to the newly joined subaltern.



TEN MILES PROFESSIONAL RACE AT CATFORD.

Photo by F. Baker, Bouverie Street, E.O.

you should wish it, I could give you the names of several London representatives of American cycle manufacturers who will be able to fully bear out and confirm this statement.

My genial editor, I do not know you; as the delightful Max Beerbohm would say, "I am not sure that I wish to know you"; but willingly will I climb down and emulate Mr. Labouchere if my doing so will soothe your feelings. Still, though I do not for an instant wish to question your statement, I may mention that during several years of travel all over "that unwieldy political conglomeration," as the *Globe* calls the United States, I personally have never happened upon such a rider, though plenty of men ride specially built triecycles along several of the main railroads.

Mr. H. G. Wells, of submarine monstrosity fame, had better look to his laurels, for he has a powerful and practical rival in Mr. David M. Tulloch, of New Rochelle, United States, who is coasting to the front upon a submarine bicycle. Mr. Tulloch, an expert diver, finds that, upon a tyreless machine with wooden rims, he can scorch along the bed of the ocean faster than the ordinary rowing-boat can be propelled overhead,



THE CYCLISTS' PARADE AT ALDERSHOT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELDRIDGE AND CO., FARNBOROUGH.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE SEASON AND THE SURROUNDINGS.

Next to the supreme question of how to decorate ourselves comes the only slightly less important one of how to decorate our houses at the present absorbing juncture. After chiffon, candles—but, then, let us hope, not the deluge, which indeed would be but an appropriate



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ONE OF THE NEW MUSLINS.

subsequent proceeding if the candles caught fire. No doubt everyone, from marquis to moujik, will endeavour to express his loyalty in illuminants, external and otherwise, on the memorable 22nd, and schemes for uniform methods of lamp-lit or electric decoration are being arranged by inhabitants of the principal squares, which system will decidedly give a better general effect than if left to the "taste or fancy," to quote Mr. Weller, of each individual. Dwellers in the "Royal Parish," particularly those of St. George's Square—whose neighbourhood to Buckingham Palace will, no doubt, one day promote it to Mayfairian significance—have combined to produce a special scheme of illumination which will, it is expected, make very effective cause in this large square, which has, by the way, become lately much affected of bikers, seeing that it is little given to traffic, and makes, moreover, but two laps to the mile.

The Sheen House Club seems exactly what people want in the way of a pleasant, restful guest-house within nice distance from town, and at all points well appointed. I voyaged down last Wednesday with some wheeling friends, and was greatly enamoured of the whole thing. Charming surroundings, unimpeachable cookery, and Troski cigarettes. What more could the imagination of the most exigent desire?

Apropos of nothing but its amusing and piquant self, why does not someone write and issue a London version of that absurdly funny but eminently *chic* little volume of information, and at the same time witty fooling, known as "Paris-Parisien"? Surely our code of social commandments, and their observance, would not offer less food for piquantly served fun than this indispensable *vade-mecum* of the smart Parisienne. Never be in time for an appointment—it is better to be waited for than to wait; class all ailments, whether gout, rheumatism, or otherwise, as neuralgia, for nerves are admissible, but tissue and tendons have no *ton*;

never speak of your affairs except to those who can assist them—are a few of the principles advanced in a charmingly funny chapter devoted to "Chic," while solid information of every possible sort is further compressed into this amusing and useful book, which really should own its other self on this side of the water. I recommend the editing of that chapter to, say, Mr. William Gillett, the London McAllister. No one knows the ramifications of our social life better, and the diverting side-lights could be communicated by no one more entirely on the spot.

Touching the ineffable matter of new clothes, the dressmakers have been more than half-distracted during the recent cold weather trying to fit the airy semblance of May as it ought to be with the warmth of December for the needs of their customers; and really, when one considers that, on the authority of an undeniable scientist, we are assured the same temperature has prevailed in Algiers and Moscow during this fickle four weeks of May, nothing remains to surprise. *Souvent femme varie* now also applies, only still more so, to the harsh British climate, which has, surely, nothing else in common with the pliable feminine mood. Navy-blue always seems to me an acceptable compromise with all seasons, because, whether in thick or thin materials, the colour is always pretty and adaptable; therefore I have illustrated a particularly smart version of navy-blue mousseline-de-soie, made over white glacé silk. The skirt is trimmed with satin ribbon of the same shade, sewn on in a uniform design; the bodice, similarly treated, boasts also a dainty bolero of éru cambric, overlaid with Venetian lace, opening at the back, so as to show blouse. The waistband—a touch of genius—is made of dull magenta velvet, rhododendron-colour nearly, and arranges itself in folds about the figure; a neckband of ribbon-lace and twists of the velvet is worn high at the back, under a smart hat of blue satin straw, with garniture of gloxinias and ribbon bows. The mention of these scentless flowers reminds me, by way of contrast, that a new perfume—which, like a new book, is always worth trying if well recommended—has been



[Copyright.]

A BACK VIEW AT HURLINGHAM.

introduced under the seductive heading of "Preciosa Violette." This scent, which is as fragrant as a June garden, hails from France, and whether in the guise of toilet-water, soap, powder, or the perfume itself *pur et simple*, is a distinctively delightful addition to one's dressing-table. Pinaud, 37, Boulevard Strasbourg, makes it.

The King of Siam's arrival in Rome, *en route* for Maidenhead, will be the signal for several Court gaieties in the Eternal City. Some friends who are staying at the Grand write voluminously of the *qui vive* which has preceded their Oriental Majesties' arrival. As all may know, "the Siam" are enormously wealthy, and untold sums have been lavished on the King's palace at Bankok, which has been built by Italians and in the Italian style of architecture. His Majesty intends exporting many paintings and sculptures of high artistic modern value, as well as a goodly number of the available "ancients," which can be properly authenticated, so that knights of the brush and chisel are very cheerfully expectant over this semi-state visit to the Holy City, knowing the King's well-proved predilection for Latin art. Empire frocks for evening wear have been brought into fashion by the young Princesses, and I am told of a recent state function at which Princess Letitia appeared looking as if she had stepped from a Gainsborough canvas, in a white satin Empire gown, the yoke of which was outlined in diamonds.

If decorative art can be said to need a further impetus in this country, the present year of extra grace should be held to have provided a special opportunity of development—one, it may be added, too, which has not been lost on the artificers thereof, seeing that every trade is more or less represented by a special masterpiece of its craft as one of numerous commemorative hall-marks of a reign that has made more history than any preceding it. Take, for instance, a beautiful leather screen, decorated in gold and colours, which has been produced with infinite skill and artistic effect by Messrs. Graham and Banks, of 445, Oxford Street. Four leaves, with finely painted panels on each, depicting scenes in her Majesty's life, give an interest which, apart from their intrinsic beauty of composition, will form a unique record of the past half-century in days to come. On the first panel we have the Coronation in all its pomp and circumstance, with the grey Gothic of beautiful Westminster for background. Another gives us the young Queen's marriage in St. James's Palace, where, with minute fidelity to detail, even the orange-blossoms on the bridal dress are represented. The old Exhibition of '51 is shown on a third, and forms a very interesting reproduction of the "times and manners" then prevailing, while in the fourth panel a more up-to-date scene is presented in the Golden Jubilee Celebration of 1887, where the ceremonial at Westminster Abbey is again in excellent evidence.

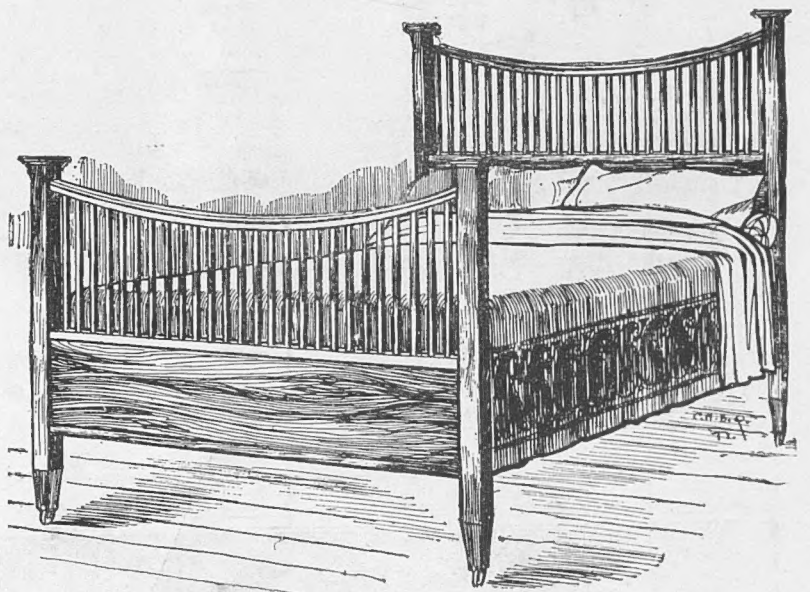
Blue and green as a combination does not seem to have died the death in Paris, from where this smart little frock hails, the back of which is illustrated, as being less easily described than the front. A narrow apron, bordered by a variegated passementerie of blue, green, gold, and red, gives style to the skirt, which is wide at bottom and tight over hips, in the approved present fashion. A bolero opening over the lace chemisette is peculiarly shaped, boasting box-pleats at the shoulder, front, and back, and opening over aforesaid chemisette in a pretty but somewhat complicated arrangement behind. A little capote of quite realistic periwinkle flowers in the natural colour and green wings very erect finish the *ensemble* of a smart and useful turn-out. Beige does not seem to have caught on, notwithstanding the dressmaker's efforts and its own undeniable merits, for, well carried out, no colour can contrive a smarter effect. I should like to reproduce the various allurements of a beige crêpe I met at Hurlingham on Saturday, for instance, which did not even need its pretty wearer to set it off effectively. The favourite apron arrangement appeared on skirt, and a charming blouse-bodice, the lower part of crêpe, the upper glacé silk, also drab, made with narrow transverse pleats, was very tricky, epaulettes and half-braces giving that additional width which is so becoming to the figure. Heavy Venetian guipure, braided all over with gold, covered the lower part of the bolero, and a picture-hat of fine black straw, with plume of black feathers and *cache-peigne* of deep-red roses, contrasted seductively with this really pretty costume. People were rather afraid of what the weather was going to do on Friday, and many of the "coach-loads" were less gaily turned out than would have been the case if no rain had put in its damping effect in the morning. Nevertheless, after lunch, when the grass had dried up, the lawns showed a lively aspect, and the Coaching Competition went off with very sufficient *éclat*.

We are always being reminded that there is nothing new under the sun, and the most startling event that turns up seems somehow to have come off before, if one "thinks back" far enough. All the same, at first blush it approaches a surprise to find that wooden bedsteads are coming into fashion and favour again, principally because, from the artistic point of view, they are so much more decorative than their brass and iron prototypes. The Elizabethan four-poster had its picturesque side, but there was also another practically unpleasant one, which equally applied to the ugly early Victorian half-tester. But these cumbersome, unhygienic monsters, with their yards of drapery and wooden bottoms and awkward joints, have little in common with the artistic wooden bedstead of the future, which has been introduced under the authoritative auspices of Messrs. Heal and Son, of Tottenham Court Road, whose name has become a synonym for excellence and artistic handicraft during the eighty years which this firm has devoted to administering the British bedroom. I have illustrated one simple but supremely elegant design of the new wooden bedstead, which, though plainly treated, has artistic values that would match the choicest designs of Chippendale's delicate fancy. This, in oak, stained green or in the natural colour, is particularly effective, more so, if possible, when rendered in mahogany. Fifty other versions of this welcome wooden innovation are on view at Messrs. Heal's well-known warehouse, and, without dilating on their separate excellences, it may be added that each design deserves a measure of admiration for the decorative aspect it would impart to any well-appointed bedroom. As a rule, these

bedsteads are fitted with patent spiral spring mattresses, so that the hygienic points of the unbeautiful though cleanly black or brass are preserved, while a new and æsthetic element is introduced by the carved end and head of the bedstead, which dovetail quite simply and easily by means of metal joints with the aforesaid spring, so combining in these bedsteads of the future a charming and appropriate appearance never attained by any metal erection, together with that gift which our forebears ranked next to godliness, and which they possibly found as rare.

One of the thousand notable foreigners shortly expected in town to take part in Commemoration festivities is Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, who is one of the crack golfers at Berlin, where the old Scottish game has obtained a special vogue among the sporting Teutons. I am glad to hear from friends on the spot that Sir Frank Lascelles is getting over the shock of Lady Lascelles' sad death, and that, accompanied by his pretty and very devoted daughter, he may be seen putting and driving most days on the links, which are in every way worthy of even a Highlander's mettle.

Certainly Lady Alington deserves to be considered a born organiser when one realises the tact and trouble it must have required to bring together so diverse and distinguished a company both of artists and audience as that assembled at Alington House on Thursday—Lady Randolph Churchill as pianist-in-chief, the Hon. Mary Portman acquitting herself creditably as violinist, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bourchier for dramatic sketches, not to mention half-a-dozen other artists, amateur and professional, who contributed to a capital programme.



A WOODEN BEDSTEAD AT MESSRS. HEAL AND SON'S.

An extremely smart audience, among whom were the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, filled every available seat, and the Hoxton Convalescent Home benefits considerably by Lady Alington's energetic working-up of a most successful entertainment. My admiration, which distributed itself over many things, was very much given to a hat worn by the Hon. Violet Somerset, of soft plaited straw in a pale amber shade, the brim, turned up on one side, being ornamented with a bunch of autumn-tinted foliage, amber, brown, and red. The high crown, garlanded with yellow leaves, was also set forth with straw rosettes, and a tuft of black feathers, with yellow and black sprays intermixed, was tilted up at the right side with most artistic jauntiness. Mauve toques were in plentiful evidence; I counted nine. It is curious what a craze has been developed for this special style of chapeau.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TRITON (Devonport).—(1) Three silk petticoats are by no means an extravagant number. One of pink moiré would be pretty; the end should be cut in points, and made up over a flounce of mousseline-de-soie, under which would be a gathered flounce of pink taffetas to keep it out. Your maid might make these, besides the other articles mentioned in letter. Graham, of Mount Street, will build you a charming tea-gown. He has both taste and skill. Of course, with your wedding-frock a white satin petticoat is *de rigueur*. Three flounces of lace, each headed with a ruching, is the simplest and best style. For the plainer one, red taffetas trimmed with two straight flounces, scalloped at the edge and bordered with narrow black velvet, would be useful. (2) The particular patent pencil-bangle I wrote about three or four weeks ago is to be had only of the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, Regent Street. (3) To your last and most important question I should feel inclined to answer, "Leave well alone."

RUBY (Hampton).—I only know of one Turkish recipe, and that is, Muhlabi, which may perhaps answer your purpose. Here is the formula. Soak some gelatine in a quart of milk, one ounce packet, to which add five or six ounces of loaf-sugar, stirring all over the fire until dissolved. Pour this mixture into three soup-plates, and when nearly set and cold add rose-water to each. Finally turn out each on to a glass dish, putting one layer above another, with some clotted cream and castor-sugar between each. Before serving, pour a pint of rose-water over all. Your attaché will no doubt recognise a favourite native dish in this. Personally, I would prefer that he should eat it than I, but then the Turk is not educated up to savouries yet. His tastes are rather cloying, in fact, if one may judge from the Muhlabi, which is a much-used mixture and repeated here verbatim.

SYBIL.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on June 9.

THE MONEY MARKET.

Except for occasional special causes, such as the payment of an instalment on the Indian Loan, the Money Market has shown very little feature during the week. But there is a very active discussion going on in market circles as to whether or not we have again entered on a long spell of cheap money, like that which lasted from February 1894 to September 1896. If one could solve that question, the solution would render it comparatively easy to make a fortune. The complications to which the problem gives rise are infinite.

A continuance of money at such nominal rates as now prevail means, to begin with, a rather hard nut for the banks to crack. It was remarkable how little their dividends were affected during recent years; but it is matter of common knowledge that pretty heavy drafts had in some cases to be made on internal reserves in order to maintain dividends, the rate of which had become so stereotyped that a reduction might possibly have been regarded as a danger signal. This aspect of the question is not so important in the case of discount brokers pure and simple. If they can make $\frac{1}{2}$ turn, it really does not matter much whether the margin is between $1\frac{3}{4}$ and 2, or between $4\frac{3}{4}$ and 5. That, of course, is generalising, but the principle is sound. A bank is in a different position. There it is not a question of the margin of profit between the borrowing and the lending rates, but that of getting money for nothing except the work involved in keeping the account and lending the money to the best advantage. If John Smith keeps an average balance of £300 at his credit on his banking account, he gets no interest on it, but the banker does a lot of work for the use of the sum. The banker, we will say, lends £200 of it on the average in discounts or otherwise at 4 per cent. That produces £8 a-year towards the cost of his establishment. If he can only get 2 per cent., the contribution towards the cost of this customer's account is only £4, and the dividend he is able to pay declines accordingly.

THE TREND OF INVESTMENT MONEY.

This question of the relations between the Money Market and Stock Exchange prices is so particularly important at the present juncture that we think no excuse is necessary for following it up at some length. What makes money so cheap and keeps the Bank Rate so low is the accumulation of money seeking investment. What direction will it take? Will it continue to absorb Home Railway stocks and Home Industrial shares? Will it remain in gilt-edged investments until the yield on these will not afford "a living wage" even from a substantial capital? We do not think either of these questions suggests the correct solution. That accumulated and still-accumulating capital will go outside the United Kingdom unless something happens to increase the value of money, and so, of course, reduce prices.

There are plenty of outlets which have been in favour within the period which even a very short memory could cover, but which, for one reason or another, are at present under a cloud. There are India, with its plague and drought and the Silver question; South America, with reminiscences of the Baring crisis, revolutions, &c.; South Africa, with all its familiar troubles; Australia, slowly recovering from the banking crisis; the Central American States, afflicted with chronic and deliberate bankruptcy; the United States, in a ferment with currency difficulties; and all Europe perturbed by the complications in the Near East. There is any amount of British capital awaiting investment or speculative employment; but where will it go, and where can it be placed at present with reasonable safety?

THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN LOAN.

South Australia has brought off a successful *coup* in the issue of the million loan. Of course, it was not like the recent Westralian issue, which was not only an increase of the Colony's debt, but was avowedly only an instalment of a big loan of which more will, of course, be forthcoming as soon as the market is strong enough to stand it. The South Australian loan is on quite a different footing, the proceeds being devoted to the redemption of Treasury Bills and existing stock, all bearing higher rates of interest than the 3 per cent. stock just issued. Behind the success of the loan, however, we fancy there is an interesting story. These loans to be redeemed are in very few hands, and the holders at an earlier stage of the negotiations are understood to have refused conversion direct into the new loan. But later on they decided to come in, and their tenders were over the price which was offered by the City syndicate. The result, of course, is that, if the syndicate have sold much stock in advance, they may find some difficulty in repurchasing it. Hence the excitement which ensued on the market when it became known that tenders aggregating nearly £2,000,000 at £96 16s. 6d. got only 8 per cent. of the amount applied for.

HOME RAILS.

We candidly admit that we are at a loss to understand the present course of the market in Home Railway Ordinary stocks—or rather, to see our way ahead with regard to them. Possibly there is some method in their madness, but it is not apparent on the surface. We have a theory, however, and it is this: The people who are now dealing in Home Railway Ordinary stocks may be roughly classified as follows:—(1) Those who are buying *speculatively* because they are convinced that the Jubilee celebrations will bring increased traffics, and that the result

will be to put prices up—perhaps for a short time, but, at all events, for long enough to let them snatch a profit; (2) the *investment* buyers, who are a constant factor under the present conditions, and who fail, in many cases, to realise that the increase of passenger traffic likely to increase dividends for the current half-year, and possibly the next, is fortuitous; (3) the *speculative* sellers, who think they are doing something very clever in selling "bears" now, instead of waiting until they see what the Jubilee traffic amounts to; (4) the actual holders, who take advantage of any substantial rise to secure a profit, in the belief that, after the fuss is over, there will be a reaction which will enable them, if they so desire, to regain their holdings; and (5), perhaps the most important of all, consisting of those scientific operators who do not trouble to form any such theoretical opinions at all, but watch carefully, and act upon, the indications of what other people are likely to do. Of this type is a well-known and successful operator, who said to the present writer the other day, "I am often a 'bull' of Brighton 'A' when all the figures are against it; and *vice versa*."

STOCK EXCHANGE VALUES.

A marked appreciation has taken place during the past few weeks in Stock Exchange securities. This has been brought about by the cessation of war between Turkey and Greece, and also the more hopeful feeling which has sprung up with regard to our political relationship with the Transvaal. The cheapness of money has doubtless also added its quota towards the general advance which has taken place. We gather from the usual monthly table, compiled by the *Banker's Magazine*, that the aggregate value of the 325 securities dealt with has increased as much as £61,462,000, or a total increase of 2 per cent. Practically every department on the Stock Exchange has participated in the upward movement. The most conspicuous rise, as far as actual percentage is concerned, is in South African mining shares, the list of ten representative shares alone showing an advance of no less than 37 per cent., which rise is put down as mainly attributable to the "bear squeeze." Consols at one time during the month regained their record quotation of 113 $\frac{1}{2}$ -14. Despite the reduction of Bank Rate and the plentiful supply of money, English bank shares have kept wonderfully firm; indeed, the shares of the ten British banks on the list show an increase in value of £825,000, or 1.9 per cent., while ten semi-foreign banks have risen as much as £1,200,000, or 9.2 per cent. British Railways Ordinary have also had a satisfactory advance, amounting to £11,230,000, or 3.4 per cent.

AUSTRALIAN BANKING.

The process of recovery towards better banking conditions in the Australian Colonies is a tedious one, and, we fear, must be the work of a somewhat extended period. The resources at the command of the banks are still out of proportion to the business to be done, and the severe drought which has prevailed of late has tended to aggravate the general position. We are glad to note, however, through cablegrams, that there has been a good rainfall in Victoria, New South Wales, and South Australia, which will be a great relief to the farming community. The Victorian Banking Returns for the first quarter of 1897 indicate that the movements for the quarter include a moderate increase in deposits, both by the Crown and by other persons. A considerable decrease is exhibited in coin and bullion held by the banks, owing to the result of heavy shipments to London. There is a tendency for current accounts to increase, attributable to the low rates offered for fixed deposits. Everything now would appear to point to the conclusion that the worst has been faced in Australia, and that a slow but steady recovery will take place.

ROSE TUBE.

Several overtures, it would appear, have been made by financiers to acquire this business for exploiting purposes. Among others, we gather from the chairman's speech at the ordinary general meeting held the other day, has been Mr. Hooley, who offered £4 per ordinary share—£2 cash and £2 in shares. The directors agreed to the offer, but stipulated that the company should receive £10,000 in cash as a deposit, so that, if Mr. Hooley did not succeed in floating the undertaking, the company would have something to their credit for any loss that might have been sustained. The negotiations, we are told, dropped through, but the business is a flourishing one, as is evidenced by the fact of a dividend of 50 per cent. being declared at the meeting, and another offer for the concern is at present under consideration.

THE NITRATE INDUSTRY.

The spectacle which the once great nitrate industry is presenting through the medium of the reports and balance-sheets of the various companies is, indeed, miserable enough to make even its bitterest enemies shed a tear. It is admitted that "no results commensurate with the sacrifices entailed (by the nitrate combination and the restricted output) were obtained, and prices have not responded to the hopeful anticipations generally entertained by the producers." The San Sebastian and San Donato Companies are able to report, as the result of a whole year's working, profits of £1605 and £230 respectively, on capitals of £160,000, which is rather worse than the interest obtainable from the Post Office Savings Bank, and certainly not half so safe.

THE TEA INDUSTRY.

The time seems auspicious for taking stock of the position and prospects of the tea-producing companies of India and Ceylon. From the reports of several concerns which have lately been issued, it is evident

that as a whole the past twelve months has been a very prosperous season for the industry, and we notice that out of fourteen companies, whose dividends have been lately announced, five pay increased rates against only two declines. The demand for Tea Companies shares has naturally (in these days of a 2 per cent. Bank Rate) increased, for the average return on this class of share is still high—higher in fact than in almost any other group of industrial undertakings. The following table gives the price and present yield to the investor of the shares in some of the companies of which we have already spoken.

	Price.	Yield.		Price.	Yield.
Attaree Khat ...	9	4 $\frac{1}{10}$ per cent.	Dooars ...	21 $\frac{1}{2}$	6 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.
Brahmapootra ...	14	6 $\frac{3}{8}$ "	Doom Dooma ...	24	5 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
British India ...	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 $\frac{3}{8}$ "	Jhamzie ...	9	5 $\frac{9}{10}$ "
Chubwa ...	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	6 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	Lebong ...	18 $\frac{1}{2}$	6 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
Darjeeling ...	23 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	Majuli ...	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 $\frac{1}{10}$ "

In the past, the investment of money in the shares of the good-class Tea Companies has undoubtedly proved remunerative, but investors must remember that the yield shown above is subject to the risks of good or bad seasons, and to the very grave question of over-production. For the last twelve or fourteen years the consumption of Indian and Ceylon teas has steadily increased, while, corresponding to such increase, there has been a continuous decline in the consumption of the Chinese leaf, until we have practically arrived at a point when, so far as this country at least is concerned, there is nothing more to displace. It is true that the home consumption is increasing, but so also, at a much greater rate, is the Indian production, and now that the safety-valve created by the displacement of China teas is no longer available, unless new markets can be found in other countries, the Indian and Ceylon producer must soon be face to face with still further reduction in his prices. Considering the prospects of the trade and the risks involved, we do not consider that the yield to the investor is by any means excessive. We advise those of our readers who are inclined to buy Tea shares to purchase only those of the older companies, whose lands are, as a rule, more suitable to the production of fine teas, and who will, therefore, not so soon feel the pinch of competition.

AN IRISH COMPANY.

We have heard before now of registering companies in the Isle of Man, but the Lower Roodepoort, whose attempts at reconstruction have been rudely (no pun intended) frustrated by Mr. Justice North, has invented the better idea of getting itself enrolled in Ireland, and so avoids the necessity of making returns to Somerset House. The meetings are called in London; to make a list of shareholders takes the secretary some weeks, and to obtain one anywhere else is impossible, so the directors, but for the Court of Chancery, would have had matters all their own way. The whole concern wants investigating, and we strongly urge shareholders to communicate with Mr. F. Walker, of 34, Coleman Street, E.C., who acts for a powerful committee of independent holders.

GREGORY AND CO.

When the late lamented Ashley Cronmire, who traded as Gregory and Co., departed this life a few weeks ago, and his estate was administered in bankruptcy, we were struck by the fact that at the first meeting of creditors the majority of the claims (even so far as they related to "cover" deposited with the "bucket-shop") were rejected by the Official Receiver, on the ground that they were gambling contracts; but we imagined that, if the Official Receiver was so righteous as to enforce the letter of the law, at least no sale, and consequent continuance, of a business based on gambling would be allowed; but we reckoned without full knowledge, for it is now announced that the London and Paris Exchange, Limited, has purchased the business, and we are treated to the edifying spectacle of the poor people who sent Gregory and Co. cash "cover" being refused even the return of their money or the right to prove against the estate for it, while this same estate is permitted to benefit by a sale of this illegal business to somebody else who proposes to carry it on as before. Either Ashley Cronmire kept a gambling hell—which in common decency should not be the subject of public sale—or the poor clients who sent him money to ensure the carrying-out of their bargains ought to be allowed to prove against the estate for at least the cash they have parted with, to say nothing of the profits they may have made, and for both of which Cronmire, to do him justice, would certainly have accounted.

No one can suggest that during Cronmire's life we ever did anything but warn people against dealing with him, and numbers of correspondents have thanked us for showing them how to get their money out of the gentleman's rather sticky pockets; but the proceedings in connection with the business since the sudden death of the late proprietor appear to call for some public remonstrance. No doubt the law has been strictly complied with; but, if so, it seems to us that "it is not cricket."

ISSUES.

Brown Brothers, Limited, are converting their business into a limited company, and offering 20,000 six per cent. pref. shares for subscription. The partners keep all the ordinary shares, while the value of the solid assets, such as stock-in-trade, book-debits, cash, &c., exceeds the total preference capital. The business is well known, and, as vendors of cycle accessories, it is certainly the leading house in the trade, so that we are not surprised to hear that the profits were £25,000 last year. The preference shares seem to us well secured, and should prove a reasonably profitable investment, for which there is sure to be a free market.

Kirby Banks Screw Company, Limited.—For such small issues as this company is offering there is never any free market, which makes them a very undesirable sort of investment, but, subject to this remark and to the fact that the auditor's certificate deals only with eighteen months, the venture appears a

fair one. Why Mr. W. E. Finny should act as a go-between does not quite appear, and we should have preferred the shares if Mr. Kirby Banks had sold direct to the company.

The Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, Limited.—We are very fond of Drury Lane Theatre, but we cannot advise our readers to invest in the shares of this company. Theatrical shares are well known as a most speculative security; either you hit the public taste and make a lot of money, or you do not, and lose even larger sums. Sir Augustus Harris was the only person who has made Drury Lane pay for the last twenty-five years, and without him we think it will be "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark. The capital is not unreasonable, and Mr. Collins will make a good manager, but we think the odds are against success.

Saturday, May 29, 1897.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by means of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B. M.—We are obliged by your manuscripts, which, we fear, we cannot use, as neither mine is much dealt in here.

A. F. H.—(1) Between this time and the opening of the Sheffield new line to London so many things may happen that we do not like to give a definite opinion. The stock is not a bad speculation. (2) The market talk puts Districts to 33 or 34, but you are rather late to buy. (3) If any reliance can be placed on the balance-sheets, the shares are a good speculation; but we cannot forget that several of the same directors were connected with Olympia.

ALPHA.—We have a poor opinion of all three.

INQUIRER.—The less you have to do with the people you mention, the better for you, in our opinion.

G. S. D.—We really cannot undertake to give you the price of all Columbian mining shares, which would mean that we should have to look out the locality and particulars of every mine quoted in the various papers to see if it was situated in Columbia or not. The price of Frontino and Bolivia shares is 14-5, as you may see by buying a copy of the *Financial Times* or any other paper of a like kind. If you will tell us the name of any shares you wish to know the price of, we shall be happy to give you the best quotation we can get.

SAMBO.—Transvaal Golds and Chartered shares are favourite purchases in the "Kaffir Circus." For a gamble, Modderfontein should suit you. The shares are £4 each, quoted at 2 $\frac{1}{2}$. London and Globe in Westralians are much fancied.

C. W.—As to the lottery bonds you mention, they are genuine enough. If you write to Nathan Keizer and Co., 1, Cowper's Court, Cornhill, they will give you an exact up-to-date quotation for each, and send you the name of the paper you want. There is no market here, but plenty in Paris and other Continental towns, and it is just as easy to deal as if the market were here.

HATTON.—Cunliffe, Russell, and Co. charge about 30 per cent. too much for the lottery bonds. We do not recommend this class of security, for the chances of a decent prize are so remote as to be hardly worth considering. City of Brussels and City of Antwerp bonds are about the pick of the basket, and will pay you interest (2 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.) while you wait for your prize, which seldom or never comes. See answer to "C. W."

C. P. H.—We can add very little to what we said about the cycle trade last week. If anything, we think we were a bit pessimistic, as from several sources where we should not have expected it we hear of great activity, and can rely on the information.

HURDWAR.—(1) The preference shares of the Canadian Pacific Railway are a reasonably safe investment, but we do not recommend their purchase, as we think you could easily get something better to return the same interest. (2) See answers to Hatton and C. W. (3) The London and Scottish Banking and Discount Company is in liquidation, and we think the founders' shares are of no value. (4) You might buy either Imperial Continental Gas Stock, the preference shares (5 per cent.) of the *Lady's Pictorial* Publishing Company, or Schweppe's preference. We prefer all these to your first suggestion.

S. B. B.—We do not like the shares you ask about, and the concern is being puffed by outside touts, which is always a suspicious circumstance. If you can sell we advise you to do so.

SULTAN.—The cycle company you name makes a splendid article, and is doing a big trade; but still it is a cycle company, you know. The reconstructed capital is rather large. If the cycle market improves, these shares will certainly go better with the rest.

MAT.—You will probably never see all your money back, but if the investments were our own we should hold for the present. Americans look like improving, and a Hotchkiss reorganisation scheme is sure to be carried out sooner or later. If you are not too greedy you may get out at better prices than the present quotations.

FRANCE.—(1) It is very difficult to advise, as we do not know the state of the French cycle trade; but the patent rights are not of any value in that country, by a decision of the Law Courts delivered the other day. On the whole, we have a poor opinion of the concern. (2) We do not recommend these shares. (3) The company is doing well, and the price was bound to move up, as the yield to purchasers was and is now a good one.

SEA.—We will make inquiries, and, if we can hear of anything definite, let you know next week.

LADY.—We do not recommend brokers in these columns. If you want us to send you the name of a reliable firm to do business with, you must comply with Rule 5.

NORR.—In consequence of the Whitsuntide holidays we are obliged to go to press much earlier than usual, and, should correspondents not receive answers to their letters, we hope they will forgive us and attribute the apparent neglect to its true cause.